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# TIP TOP WEEKLY

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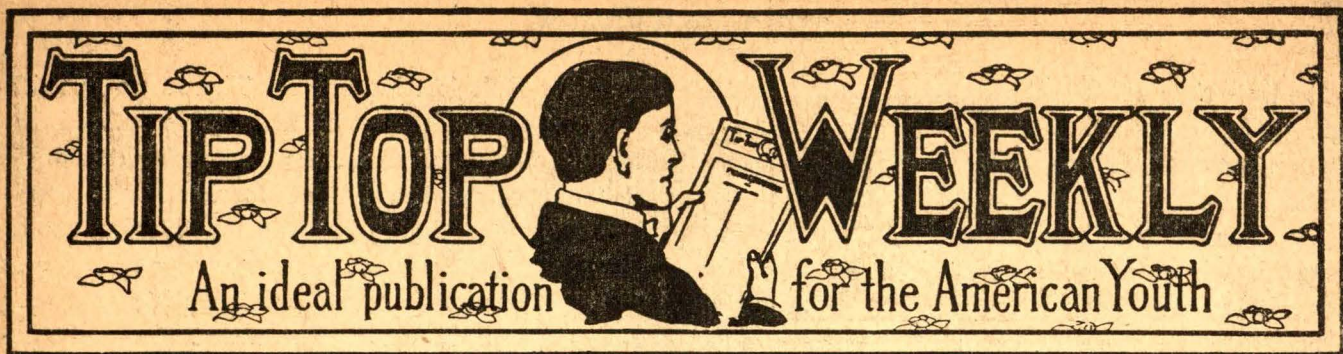
## DICK MERRIWELL IN THE RING OR THE CHAMPION OF HIS CLASS



BY BURT L. STANDISH

Bedford followed the treacherous blow with a wallop on Dick's jaw, sending him onto the ropes. Instantly there was a great uproar. "Foul! Foul!" howled the excited spectators.





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# DICK MERRIWELL IN THE RING;

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## The Champion of His Class.

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By BURT L. STANDISH.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### FOUR PASSENGERS.

The 1:40 P. M. train from Rockland, Maine, Boston bound, was made up and standing at the station ten minutes before starting time.

A cab on runners came squeaking up, and two boys in winter clothes and heavy overcoats got out. There was a certain swagger about their dress which pronounced them to be other than country lads. The smaller chap wore a fashionable paletot overcoat, while the other had a swell ulster with a fur-trimmed collar. The latter boy paid the cabman, and they hastened into the station to secure tickets.

In midwinter there is a single parlor-car on the train that leaves Rockland, and, as a rule, this is rather empty until the Kennebec is crossed. The boys found no difficulty in securing seats in this car. At the

steps, the colored porter took their luggage, and escorted them to their chairs.

"Well, here we are at latht, Mortimer, deah boy," lisped the little chap, as he gently shook himself out of his fashionable overcoat. "It'th weally a welief to get out of thith horwid town, doncher know. I'm awfully glad we're going. It'll be jutht grand to get back to deah old Bothton. But I'm thorry Cwab-tree had to go home. It wath a gweat dithappointment to me when hith old man thent a telegram for him to come wight away home."

"Yes," said the boy called Mortimer, with a sigh, as he settled into his chair. "Dave was disappointed. He counted on having a good time in Boston, but his gov'nor got onto it that he had left Bangor with us, and stopped in Rockland, and he lost no time in getting a wire to Dave."



The little chap opened a cigarette case, and placed a cigarette in his mouth.

"You can't smoke here, Oscar," reminded his companion.

"Oh, I know that," said Oscar. "I jutht want thomething in my mouth. It'th a habit, doncher know. Thay, Mortimer, we came near getting mixed up in a bloomin' narthty thcandal here in Wockland. That feller, Charlie Holt, made a dweadful mithtake when he paid that common duffer, Milton Filing, to help him out in hith thchemeth againtht the Wockland Polo Team."

"Yes, Holt was a fool," nodded Mortimer. "He should have known better. He was lucky to get out of town on the Bangor boat this morning without being arrested himself. Filing is a cheap skate, and he peached just as soon as the police nabbed him. Went back on his accomplice, Jack Norman, too. Norman must feel pretty mean to-day. They say he's always been regarded as a sort of half-way decent chap. He was sore on Bert Winchester because Winchester was captain of the team, and was making such a success of it. Spurred on by Filing, who had Holt behind him, Norman disrupted the team, and broke it up. Holt gave Filing money to bring that thing about, for he had bet heavily that Bangor would win the championship of the Penobscot Polo League. Norman demanded a share of that money, and Filing promised he should have it, if he'd go into the rink, and carry off all of Rockland's outfit. That was where Norman made his biggest mistake. He became an ordinary thief when he took that stuff. Sacked it over to some old hag on the Point, and the woman squealed when the police descended on her."

"Thay, Mortimer, that wath a wegular thenthation, wathn't it? Good gwathuth, what a wacket it made when thothe two poleethmen gwabbed Norman in the wink, after that polo game!"

"Oh, that polo game—that polo game!" muttered Mortimer Sturtevant, shaking his head. "What a game it was! Nobody dreamed Winchester would be able to pick up a team that would defeat us. It was mainly Merriwell's playing that did it."

"I can't thtand that howid fellah, Merriwell," said Oscar Flutterby. "Don't you think he'th weally dweadfully lucky?"

"It was something more than luck," confessed Sturtevant. "He was the real captain of the team. He put life and determination into every player. They were like fiends in the final third of the game. Be-

sides that, Holt lost his nerve. There's no question about it, Oscar—Holt lost his nerve. He realized that Merriwell was a fighter, and he became frightened."

"Well, weally and twuly that Merriwell ith a dweadful fighter. He jutht thmathed the thtuffin' out of Holt, when we were coming down-wiver on the boat."

"Dick Merriwell is one of the finest boxers I ever saw," admitted Mortimer Sturtevant. "I don't believe there's a straight amateur of his class in the country that can whip him. You know, I box some myself, Oscar, and I ought to know what I'm talking about. I'm supposed to be the champion of my club, but I wouldn't go against Merriwell."

"Ithn't it weally awfully humiliating to feel that way, Mortimer?" asked Flutterby dolefully.

"Oh, I don't know. I'm not given to acknowledg- ing any one a better man than I."

"Never heard you do tho before."

"Holt was not the only fellow who lost money on that polo game. I bet all the loose cash I had, and all I could scrape up, that Bangor would win the championship. Had to touch my old man up for a loan this morning, and he's the sorest lobster you ever saw. He was over at the rink to see us win, and he left in a most disgusted frame of mind."

"What weally made me the thoreth," said the lisper, "wath to thee all thothe pretty girllth come and carry Dick Merriwell and thothe fellerth off to a thupper, after the game. Oh, the Merriwell crowd are herothe in Wockland to-day. All thothe high-thcool chaps who turned on Winchester came aound the hotel thith morning, expwething their apologies and theek- ing an introduction to Merriwell."

"Hello! Look there, Oscar—there's the old man and Coxby. They're going to take this train."

A pompous, red-faced man, in a massive fur overcoat, stepped out of a cab, followed by a little, wizened, blue-nosed individual, carrying two suit cases. The pompous man strode into the station, while the other walked round, and stood on the platform near the steps of the parlor-car.

"We'll have two other passengers on this car," smiled Mortimer Sturtevant. "The old man didn't tell me he was going to Boston by this train, but I suspected it."

Directly, Augustus Sturtevant, the well-known timber king of Maine, came out of the station, and advanced to the car. Mortimer swung round on his chair so that he faced the aisle, but his father tramped ponderously past him, without giving him as much as a glance.



"The old duck's pretty sore," muttered young Sturtevant.

"Well, you weally can't blame him," said Oscar. "He wath dead thertain Bangor would win, and he called evwybody'th attention to your playing."

Augustus Sturtevant paused, and surveyed the chair to which his ticket assigned him.

"A little too near the end of the car," he said. "Porter, this chair is too near the end of the car."

"It's the one your ticket calls for, sah," said the porter. "You see here's the number, sah."

"Don't like this side of the car, either!" growled the timber king. "Where's the conductor, boy?"

"He'll be through, sah, as soon as the train starts."

"Well, here, take these checks, go back into the station, and tell that man that Augustus P. Sturtevant doesn't like these seats, and wants seats on the opposite side of the car, nearer the center. Do you understand? Tell him Augustus P. Sturtevant wants these seats changed for the very best seats he has on the opposite side of the car."

"Yes, sah; yes, sah," said the porter, bowing obsequiously, as he took the checks. "Perhaps I can't get them, sah, but I'll try."

As the colored man disappeared, the timber king turned to his companion, and observed:

"It's an outrage to give me such seats—I say it's an outrage, Coxby!"

"It's an outrage, sir," said Coxby.

"We'll have better seats, Coxby."

"We'll have better seats, sir."

Mortimer Sturtevant surveyed his father's lackey with an air of disdain.

"That's what pleases the old man," he muttered. "He wants everybody to cringe to him and echo his words. I never see Coxby that I don't want to kick him up through his pea-green necktie."

Still, Mortimer did not realize that, to a large extent, he was like his father, and it was the fawning flattery of Flutterby which made Oscar acceptable to him as a companion.

## CHAPTER II.

### STURTEVANT CHALLENGED.

"Good gwathuth!" exclaimed Oscar, as he sat up, with a languid show of interest, and gazed out of the window. "What'th all thith wacket about? Jutht look at the girlth, Mortimer, deah boy! By George! thethe Maine girlth aren't tho bad, after all, are they? Jutht take 'em up to the thity, and put 'em in thwell

clotheth, and they'd be peacheth. Who'th all them fellerth, Mortimer?"

"Are you blind?" growled Sturtevant. "Can't you see that's the Merriwell crowd?"

Two large, open sleighs had driven up, and from these a crowd of laughing young people were springing out upon the platform. Their cheeks were rosy with the healthy paint of Jack Frost, the artist. Their eyes were bright, and they were full of bounding life and vigor.

Dick Merriwell gave his hand to a pretty, brown-eyed girl, who smiled her sweetest as she stepped from the sleigh. Indeed, she leaned toward him a moment, and said something in a low tone, which was heard by none of the others.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mortimer Sturtevant. "Merriwell certainly nailed Lucy Spear for fair! Holt tried to get away with her on the boat, but he made a miserable mess of it."

"That wetch, Merriwell, thpoiled evwything," said Oscar. "He jutht popped up behind Charlie Holt, grabbed him by the thlack of the twouthert, tothed him over the wail of the thtaircathe, and thent him thcootin' down to the bottom kerthlap. I don't wonder Charlie wath awful mad."

"Yes, he was awful mad, but he'd been better off had he accepted it as a joke. He forced Merriwell to fight him, down below, on the freight deck, and Merriwell cut him up beautifully. As I said before, this Merriwell is one of the finest scrappers I ever ran across."

"Oh, thluth!" cried Oscar. "I jutht hate to hear you talk that way, Mortimer! It maketh me thick! How can you bwag about a cheap fellah like that, after he'th made you tho much twouble?"

"Evidently they're leaving on this train," muttered Sturtevant.

"Gwathuth thaketh!" sighed Flutterby. "I do hope thothe fellerth don't get theath on thith car! It will annoy me dweadfully if they do."

Dick and his friends had entered the station. It was nearly time for the train to leave. Trunks were being tossed into the baggage-car in great haste, and belated passengers were rushing down the platform to transact the final business necessary before leaving.

Earl Gardner came out of the station with a bunch of tickets in his hand, and ran toward the baggage-room.

The rest of the party came out, and moved in the direction of the general passenger-coach.

"They're not coming in here, Oscar," said Sturte-



vant, in what seemed to be a tone of slight disappointment. "You won't be troubled by them."

"Thank goodneth!" lisped Flutterby.

Dick and Lucy Spear lingered somewhat behind the others.

"All aboard!" cried the conductor.

Off came Dick's hat, as he clasped Lucy's hand to bid her good-by.

Mortimer Sturtevant was watching closely, and he saw the girl smile up into Merriwell's face in a most inviting manner, even while an expression of regret overshadowed her features.

"It's up to you, Mr. Merriwell—it's up to you!" muttered Mortimer.

"All aboard!" again cried the conductor.

The train was moving when Dick sprang onto the steps, waving farewell to the girls who had come to the station to see the party off.

Mortimer Sturtevant settled back on his chair, a queer look on his face.

"Oscar," he said, "I thought this fellow, Merriwell, was up to snuff. I thought he was pretty swift at anything. I've changed my mind."

"How'th that, Mortimer, deah boy?" asked Flutterby.

"That girl wanted him to kiss her good-by. She did everything except ask him. He didn't kiss her."

"Thay, that wath awfully thlow, wathn't it?"

"Yes. I have my opinion of any chap who will pass up an opportunity like that. There's only one explanation for it."

"What'th that?"

"He must have a girl somewhere that's he's desperately struck on."

"Oh, what differenth duth that make?" exclaimed Oscar. "The other girl ithn't here; she wouldn't thee. A feller who'th got a betht girl can't alwath keep her in mind when other girlth are wound. If he duth, I think he'th a bloomin' arth."

"Well, I'm inclined to agree with you, Oscar. Still, come to consider it, this Merriwell may be cleverer than we think. He left the girl on the anxious seat. She wanted something she didn't get. That's a pretty good plan with girls. Keep them guessing. If you give them all they want, they get sick of you after awhile, and want to try their arts on the other fellow. Now, if Merriwell ever returns to Rockland, one of two things will happen. Either Lucy Spear will pretend that she's quite forgotten him, and give him the cold shoulder, or she'll nail onto him with the deliberate intention of getting what she

didn't get to-day. A fellow has to take a chance, you see. Either the girl turns him down, or flings herself on his neck, and she's his."

"Gweath jingoth! You're a vegular philothopher, Mortimer. How'd you think all that out? If I thpent time to think tho many thingth ath that, it would give me a dweadful headache."

Sturtevant laughed heartily, whereupon the stout, red-faced man, farther forward in the car, uttered a snort of disapproval, turned on his chair, and glared in Mortimer's direction.

"Well, look at the gov'nor," muttered the laughing boy; "he's giving me the angry eye. The old man disapproves of my hilarity."

"Better be careful, deah boy," warned Oscar. "You know thometime the old gent will kick the bucket, and he'th got lothth of money. You want to thtand in with him, tho he'll leave you hith pile."

"Oh, I'm not worrying about that. The old duffer likes me, all right. He likes my ways. He's a great bluffer, and enjoys calling me down occasionally."

"I gueth Merriwell and hith fwiendth don't know we're on thith twain."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, theemth to me they'd feel awful cheap widin' in the common coach, with uth in the parlor-car. If they'd known we were here, I think they'd bought theatth in thith car, jutht to thow off."

"Well, I don't know about that. Perhaps some of Merriwell's friends couldn't afford it."

"Could he afford it?"

"Why, I understand that he and his brother are pretty well fixed. They own some mines somewhere, which were left them by their father. Oh, yes, I fancy Merriwell could afford a parlor-car seat."

"Then why didn't he take one, and let the otherth wide in the common car?"

"Perhaps he preferred to be with them."

"I can't underthtand that, Mortimer. I can't thee how any one who can afford it ever wideth in a common car, with all the cheap people. Why, jutht ath likely ath not, there'll be an Italian in the verwy next theat to one, doncher know. Once, on a thtweat-car in Bothton, a colored woman came and that wight down bethide me."

"Really? What did you do, Oscar?"

"I jutht gave her one look, then I put my nothe up in the air, and got wight up, and walked out on the platform. I gueth I thowed people the kind of a perthon I wath."

"I don't think you impressed them much in Boston,



my boy. Had it been south of Mason and Dixon's line, your action might have met with approval. You know, in Boston they believe that all men are equal, regardless of color."

"Bothton'th a fine thity, but they do have thome awful foolith notionth there. Why, Mortimer, it jutht maketh me indignant evwy time I go out after the theater, and want a little dwink. If it'th after eleven o'clock, you can't get anything for love or money."

"How about the Hotel Touraine? They say drinks have been purchased there after eleven."

"I don't believe a word of it, Mortimer; I've twied it. I put on a thwell front, and I made a holler. I called for the head waiter. Then I thwætened to report to the manager. I even made a bluff that I wath a perthonal fwriend of the propwietor. Couldn't get anything but lemonade."

"Well, that was a sad affair!" laughed Sturtevant heartily. "Boston—by the way, that makes me think of something."

He took a letter from his pocket, and opened it, settling back on his chair, and beginning to peruse the missive.

"What'th that?" asked Oscar.

"Oh, it's a letter from Clinton Hall."

"Hall? Why, he'th the manager of our club."

"Yes, he's the manager of the B. A. A. A. Now, what do you suppose he wants of me, Flutterby?"

"I can't imagine."

"Well, he wants me to spar next Thursday night. You know, I'm supposed to be the champion of my class at the club, and it seems I'm challenged."

"Who'th challenged you?"

"A new man by the name of Hurley—Joe Hurley. I believe I've heard of the chap. Don't see how he ever got into our club."

"Ith he a profethional?"

"He claims to be a straight amateur, but I have an idea he's something different if his whole record could be unearthed. Still, they're pretty strict in the club, and they don't mean to let in any one who is not a clean out-and-out amateur. Hurley's in. If I'd been there, I'd objected to him and tried my best to keep him out. It seems he's been making a lot of talk, and wants to get at me."

"What are you going to do, Mortimer?"

"I'm going to meet him," answered young Sturtevant.

"Next Thursday night?"

"Yes."

"Are you in good twim?"

"Oh, yes, I'm in shape. Anyhow, I will be by that time. I'll take some of the conceit out of this Hurley, or my name's not Sturtevant. I wonder how they found out I was to be in Rockland? Something queer about this business."

By this time Augustus Sturtevant had glanced over his newspaper, dropped it in his lap, and settled back on his chair, as if contemplating the enjoyment of a nap. Coxby was watching the man, with a cold, attentive eye.

"I don't like this talking back yonder, Coxby," said the great Augustus P. "I say I don't like this talking."

"You don't like this talking, sir," said Coxby.

"It's decidedly annoying," rumbled the timber king, lifting his voice. "I wish you to do something for me, Coxby."

"You wish me to do something for you, sir."

"You'll go back there and tell those annoying young fellows to lower their voices. You will say to them that Mr. Sturtevant requests them to lower their voices, Coxby."

"I will say it to them, sir."

Coxby rose and minced down the aisle, pausing near Mortimer and Oscar.

"Mr. Sturtevant wishes you to lower your voices," he said.

"You tell Mr. Sturtevant to go to—Boston!" growled Mortimer, with a touch of indignation. "He doesn't own this car. You tell him he doesn't own this car."

"I'll tell him he doesn't own this car, sir."

"No, hold on," objected the youth, as Coxby started to turn away. "Perhaps you hadn't better do that. I say you hadn't better do that."

"You say I hadn't better do that, sir."

"Kindly inform him that his son expresses great regret over annoying him in the slightest, and will take pains not to do so during the rest of the journey. That's all."

Coxby returned to his master with this message.

"Huh!" grunted Augustus, with an expression of satisfaction. "That's very good. Now I'll sleep, Coxby."

"Now you'll sleep, sir," said Coxby, gently lowering himself on his chair.

Oscar Flutterby rose a few moments later and quietly left the car. He was not gone more than five minutes when he came rushing back in great excitement, and seized young Sturtevant by the shoulder.

"Good gwaithuth, Mortimer!" he fluttered, "you can't gueth who'th in the thmoker! I heard him talk-



ing with another feller and found out who he wath. You couldn't gueth in a thouthand yearth."

"Well, as long as I can't guess, you'd better tell me. Who was it?"

"It'th that verwy feller who'th challenged you to a thowap—it'th Joe Hurley!"

### CHAPTER III.

JOE HURLEY.

A reduced round-trip fare from Boston to Rockland had produced a most astonishing rush of passengers on that particular train. Dick Merriwell and his friends found it impossible to secure seats together in the general passenger-coach. One seat was obtained, and this was taken by Merriwell and Gardner. Buckhart and Tubbs decided to investigate the smoker.

"A little tobacco smoke never disagrees with me any at all," said the Texan. "I opine I can stand it. How about you, Obediah?"

"Nobody needn't worry about me," said the fat boy. "Come on, Brad, let's hit it up for the smoker."

"We'll come back and change seats with you after awhile," suggested Merriwell.

"Needn't bother," said Buckhart. "If we find a chance to squat, we'll be all right."

"Well," said Dick, as the train rumbled over the switches and gained headway, "our Maine trip is practically over, Earl."

"Yes," nodded Gardner; "I'm rather sorry myself."

"So'm I."

"You had a better time than you thought you would, didn't you?"

"I confess I did. It's been a royal good time from start to finish."

"And we made a pretty warm finish in Rockland," laughed the boy from Calais.

"That *was* a warm finish," smiled Dick. "By Jove! that game panned out all right, after all. It looked as if the Bangor team had us beaten a short time before the close of the game. We got after them just in time to win out by the narrowest possible margin."

"It was a great disappointment to our friend Sturtevant," chuckled Earl.

"I think it was a greater disappointment to Charlie Holt. They say he lost lots of money on that game."

"He deserved to lose it!" cried Gardner. "Why, that fellow would do anything to win! He ought to be proud of himself when he sees the story in this morning's Rockland *Star*. The *Star* told the cold facts from start to finish."

"Yes, Holt's attempt to win the championship by monkeying with the Rockland team was fully exposed. His accomplices, Filing and Norman, will be rated pretty cheap in that town hereafter."

"Oh, Filing won't mind that; but if I were in Norman's place, I'd try to get out of Rockland. I wonder if Winchester will press the case against him?"

"Oh, no, he's going to settle it. Norman's father came to see him and begged him to drop it. That was a good dinner-party last evening."

"I never had a better time, Dick. And I think you enjoyed it yourself. You certainly had the belle of the evening. Lucy Spear is a very pretty girl, and she's bright, too. You like her, don't you, Dick?"

"Sure," answered Merriwell promptly. "Why shouldn't I?"

"Oh, there's no particular reason that I know of. How do you like her as compared with June Arlington or Doris Templeton?"

Dick shrugged his shoulders a bit.

"I've never thought of making the comparison," he answered. "I don't see why I should. Do you know that Mortimer Sturtevant's on this train?"

"Is he?"

"He's in the parlor-car. Caught a glimpse of him through the window."

"Well, I don't suppose we'll see much more of him. We've really seen quite a lot of him since going up in the woods. Was he alone?"

"I think Flutterby was with him. Yes, I fancy we've seen pretty near the last of Sturtevant. We'll be back at Fardale by the last of next week. Back at Fardale! That sounds good to me."

"Me, too, Dick."

"We've got to get into harness for spring sports now. Fardale is going to have a crew in the spring. Had a letter from Singleton. He says the school is enthusiastic and the rowing-machines are being worked overtime. It'll be something new for us."

"Somehow it doesn't seem to arouse my enthusiasm so very much. I'm thinking of baseball, Dick. I'm eager for the season to open."

"We'll have to get in a lot of work in the cage before the season opens."

"Well, I enjoy that. We ought to have a better nine than ever this year."

"I hope we may. I shall do my best toward it. My days at Fardale are drawing toward a close."

"It will be a sad day for the old school when you depart," declared Earl.

"It will not be the happiest day of my life for me,"



confessed Dick. "Still, I'm looking forward to my entrance into Yale. As dearly as Frank loves Fardale, I'm sure his affection for Yale is even stronger."

Gardner looked somewhat downcast.

"I'd like to go to Yale," he muttered.

"Can't you?"

"I don't know. To tell you the truth, I'm afraid not. My folks want me to take Maine. You know I'll be nearer home then. Besides that, it's less expensive. It costs something to go through Yale, and do it right."

"But there are lots of fellows who get through in-  
expensively. They find ways of helping themselves along. Perhaps you might do so, Earl."

"If you could convince my mother that there was a chance for me to do so, it would help me," said Gardner. "Say, Dick, after you get into college, won't you keep an eye open for opportunities for me, and let me know if you see anything?"

"Sure. Depend on me, Earl. I'd like to have you at Yale with me. Buckhart is going. He's set his heart on it, and I think he'll have no trouble in influencing his father in the right direction."

While they were talking, Oscar Flutterby came mincing through the car, trying to appear dignified, but frequently losing his balance as the train lurched. He reeled against Dick's shoulder.

"Oh, excuth me, thir!" he lisped. "I beg your paw——"

Then he recognized Merriwell and stopped short, giving Dick a frigid stare.

"It'th that narhty feller!" he sniffed, continuing on his way.

Dick laughed softly.

"He seems to be going into the smoker," he said. "If he runs into Buckhart, I'm afraid Brad will make good his threat to spank him."

Two minutes later Flutterby came rushing back through the car, in apparent great excitement.

"Something's happened," smiled Gardner. "Let's go back into the smoker, Dick, and find out what it was."

As they entered the smoker they came face to face with two young fellows who were coming out. One of these fellows, a stocky chap with a square chin, bumped against Dick and elbowed him aside.

"There's plenty of room!" he growled. "What do you want?"

Merriwell looked the fellow over with a flashing glance, but said nothing in return.

"Well, what do you think of that?" muttered Gardner.

"His breath explains it," said Dick. "He's been drinking. He looked like a prize-fighter to me."

In the smoker they found that the seat ahead of Buckhart and Tubbs was unoccupied, and they took it.

"Hello!" exclaimed Brad. "So you thought you'd come back with us. Did you notice those two chaps who just went out?"

"Couldn't help it," smiled Dick. "One of them came near walking over me."

"Which one?"

"That Joe Hurley."

"Who's Joe Hurley?"

"The fellow with the thick neck and square chin."

"Well, by their talk I should say he considers himself a fighter. I couldn't help hearing their conversation, you know, and it proved to be mighty interesting."

"By Jim, that's right," said Tubbs.

"This Hurley has just succeeded in getting into the Boston Amateur Athletic Association, it seems," Buckhart explained. "Now he's after the scalp of a certain member of that club. You'll be surprised when I tell you who the member is. It's Mortimer Sturtevant."

Dick whistled softly.

"After Sturtevant's scalp?" he inquired.

"As I said, we couldn't help hearing their talk. As soon as he got into the club Hurley posted a standing challenge for Sturtevant to meet him. Sturtevant wasn't there at the time. It happened that Hurley and the other fellow, who is a particular friend of his by the name of Jaegles, were in Rockland when Sturtevant showed up there. Immediately Hurley wired the manager of the club that Sturtevant was stopping at the Thorndike and requested the manager to forward the challenge to the timber king's son. He says he knows Sturtevant received the challenge. He's on his way to Boston, to be present when Sturtevant shows up at the club."

"Well," said Dick, after a moment's thought, "as far as I'm concerned in this matter, Mortimer Sturtevant has my best wishes."

"Hurley seems to think Sturtevant won't meet him. He says he's out to win the championship of the club, and he stands ready to meet any other member who dares fill Sturtevant's place. Pard, I'd like to get into that club long enough to see the scrap, but I don't suppose there's any chance for it."

"Not unless some one of us knows a club member



who will take us in," said Dick. "I don't think I know any."

The others confessed that they were equally unfortunate.

"Dern my picter!" piped Tubbs. "I'd like to go into the parlor-car and hit Mortimer Sturtevant up for invitations. He! he! Wouldn't that be a joke?"

"The joke would be on you," declared Gardner. "Sturtevant would turn you down in a minute. What happened to Flutterby when he came in here?"

"Flutterby?" said Brad. "Why, he just minced in, took one look at Joe Hurley, who happened at that moment to be loudly stating what he would do to Sturtevant, then turned round and scooted like a frightened rabbit. I opine he was a whole lot timid. This Hurley has been hitting the bottle. He has a big flask with him, and he took to asking people to join him. The conductor didn't like it, and requested him to stop it. That's why he got up and left the car."

As Buckhart made this explanation the door opened, and the fellow in question reappeared, followed by his friend. On entering the car, Hurley looked around for his seat and observed that it was occupied by Merriwell and Gardner. Immediately he walked up to Dick and gave him a rap on the shoulder.

"That's my seat," he announced. "Get up! I want it."

Dick turned with great deliberation and fixed his dark eyes on Hurley's face.

"Have you any luggage in these seats?" he inquired. "Did you leave anything here to indicate you were coming back?"

"Now what difference does that make?" shouted the fellow. "I was sitting there before you came in. If you don't get out, I'll throw you out!"

"I wouldn't advise you to try it," said Merriwell, in his calmest manner.

In another moment Hurley would have seized Dick, with the intention of yanking him out of the seat, but the conductor and a brakeman came hurrying in and pushed between Merriwell and the fellow in the aisle.

"Look here, sir," said the conductor, frowning blackly at Hurley, "I found it necessary to speak to you a short time ago. This is the second time I've been compelled to do so. You left that seat vacant, and, therefore, you have no claim to it. You'll have to stop annoying this young man. If you make further trouble, it will be my duty to put you off the train."

Hurley's face grew purple with rage. For a moment it seemed that he would attack the conductor. His companion had better judgment, for he seized the

young fellow by the arm and whispered hastily in his ear:

"Don't do it, Joe. He's brought a big brakeman with him, and we'll both be kicked off the train."

For a moment or two Hurley was silenced, but finally he growled:

"All right, conductor. You won't have to put me off. You might find it a pretty big job if you tried it."

Then he turned to Dick.

"I'll remember you," he declared. "And I'll see you again."

## CHAPTER IV.

### STURTEVANT MEETS HURLEY.

Brad Buckhart was delighted. He chuckled for a few moments, and then a shade of disappointment passed over his face.

"Well, now, come to think of it, I'm a heap sorry the conductor butted in. If he'd kept in the background a few moments, I opine Mr. Hurley would have received his medicine good and plenty."

"It's just as well," said Dick. "I don't care to have a fight with a fellow like that."

"He's decidedly cheap," nodded Gardner, much disgusted by Hurley's behavior. "Is this Boston A. A. A. a respectable club?"

"It's supposed to be, I fancy," nodded Dick. "Sturtevant is not the kind of a fellow to belong to a disreputable organization of that sort."

"Well, I don't see how Hurley ever got in."

"It puzzles me somewhat," admitted Merriwell.

"By Jim!" came from Obediah, "I don't take much of a shine to that critter with Hurley. He looks crooked to me."

"They're in the same class, I imagine," said Dick, "although the other fellow has a bit better manners. It seems to be a veneering with him. Get down beneath the surface, and I take it he's as bad as Hurley. And this fellow, Hurley, has challenged Mortimer Sturtevant to spar in the club, eh?"

"That's what they were chinning about," nodded Buckhart. "Hurley figures it that he'll be the king-pin of the club if he puts Sturtevant to the stable."

"Well, if I were in Sturtevant's place, I'd investigate Mr. Hurley's record pretty thoroughly before I met him in the ring."

Almost directly opposite the boys two men had been playing cards at one of the little fixed tables for that purpose. They were drummers, and now they rose to drop off at some small town. Immediately Hurley



and Jaegles hastened from another part of the car and took possession of the seats vacated.

"Seems like he's still looking for you, partner," muttered Brad. "They're getting back as near us as possible."

Dick paid no attention to Joe Hurley, although the fellow sat for some moments and glared at him.

Jaegles produced a pack of cards, and the two fellows began to play.

About this time Mortimer Sturtevant, followed by Oscar Flutterby, entered the smoker. Flutterby pressed close behind Sturtevant, giving him a nudge and making a motion toward Hurley and Jaegles. Then he whispered:

"There he ith! It'th the feller widing backward. He'th the one, Mortimer! He'th Hurley!"

Dick and his companions watched Sturtevant with some interest. The timber king's son slowly advanced, with his eye fixed on the fellow whose challenge had reached him through Clinton Hall, manager of the B. A. A. A.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Sturtevant, pausing in the aisle. "I believe your name is Hurley, isn't it?"

"Sure thing," was the answer, as the fellow addressed looked up. "Hello! why, you're Sturtevant, aren't you? Saw you in Rockland. I was at that polo game. You got trimmed, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes," admitted Mortimer coolly; "Bangor was beaten. Look here, Mr. Hurley, do you know anything about this?"

As he uttered the question he produced Clinton Hall's letter, and tossed it on the little table before Hurley.

The latter looked the letter over, grinned a bit, and nodded:

"Do I know anything about it? You bet!"

"You've joined the B. A. A. A. recently?" questioned Mortimer.

"That's right."

"And you seem anxious to make a record in the ring."

"Well, it's this way: They tell me you're champion of your class in the club. I'm in that class. I'm a straight amateur, and I have a notion that I'm a better man than you are."

"You're a straight amateur?" demanded Sturtevant, keeping his eyes on Hurley.

"Sure thing. If I wasn't, how'd I get into the club?"

"That's right, how did you? You must be an amateur. Well, you seem in a great hurry over this matter. You understand I haven't been in Boston for

nearly two months. I've been up in the woods awhile, and I'm a bit out of training."

"Oh, is that it?" laughed Hurley, with something like a sneer in his manner. "You don't think you're fast enough to go against me at the next exhibition at the club?"

"I haven't said that. I simply stated that I was somewhat out of training."

"Well, what are you driving at? What do you want, anyhow?"

"I just want it understood, on condition you out-point me, that I shall challenge you for some future date, and I'll train to meet you in proper shape."

"That's all right," chuckled Hurley. "So you're going to come up against me, are you? That's good. That's first-rate. I'll agree to do you up handsomely."

"Oh, the tharthy cwecher!" muttered Flutterby. "He'th jutht ath intholent ath he can be!"

"You may," smiled Sturtevant, "and then again you may not. I shall do my best to make it interesting for you, Mr. Hurley."

"That's what will suit me right up to the handle, Sturtevant. Now that this thing is settled, why can't we be sociable and friendly? Let me introduce my friend, Andy Jaegles. Andy, this is Mr. Sturtevant."

"Glad to know you. How are you?" said Jaegles, as he rose and grasped Mortimer's hand. "Of course, this thing is going to be a case of clean sport, and there's no reason why we should have any feeling over it. Hurley is an old pal of mine. We're just having a little game to pass away the time. Say, won't you and your friend sit in? We'll play smudge or anything you like."

Sturtevant seemed uncertain for a moment, but finally smiled as he said:

"Smudge—that seems to be the great game on this train. Of course, it quickens the ordinary game of pitch a little when the players smudge out. I rather enjoy the game. Yes, I think we'll sit in. Eh, Oscar?"

"Jutht ath you thay, Mortimer," lisped Flutterby. "Of courthe, I leave it all to you."

"Then we'll take a hand."

Sturtevant introduced Flutterby to Hurley and Jaegles, and they sat down.

"What'th the thize of the game?" questioned Oscar anxiously. "I thuppothe it'th five thenth a corner and five a thet-back."

"What?" cried Hurley, with a coarse burst of laughter. "Is that the size you play? As we've invited you in, I suppose we'll have to leave it to you, but we gen-



erally play it at a quarter a corner, and a quarter a go-up."

"My goodneth!" gasped Flutterby. "Thath'th an awful thteep game! A feller might lothe a lot of money at that."

"Oh, come, come, Oscar!" smiled Mortimer, winking at his companion. "I guess we can stand it. If you can't, I'll lend you some money."

"Jutht ath you thay," sighed Flutterby, shaking his head; "but weally it'th too much for me. I thuppothe we play evwy man for himthelf?"

"Of course," said Jaegles. "That's the game. All right, here are the cards. Let's cut for deal."

The cards were cut, and the game began.

## CHAPTER V.

### EXPOSING THE CROOK.

Although Dick Merriwell was not seen to cast a glance across at the card-players, after a time he observed to Gardner:

"Sturtevant and Flutterby are getting trimmed over there."

"Is that right?" questioned Earl, smiling slightly. "Well, I don't care if they are. It serves them right. They were a couple of easy marks to be pulled into that game."

"They were roped in pretty easy," agreed Dick. "Somehow I think they're up against sharks. Joe Hurley may be an amateur in boxing, but he's no amateur at cards."

"I don't see how you have kept track of the game so well. You haven't watched them."

"Oh, yes, I have," said Dick. "It wasn't necessary for me to keep rubbering across the aisle. I can see some things without turning my head. Besides that, I hear their talk and know how the game is going. Hurley has smudged twice already. Once he did it when he was set up three times, and Sturtevant had only one point to go. The third game was won by Jaegles, who made it straight on points. Neither Sturtevant nor Flutterby has taken a game."

"That's the record up to date, I think."

"Seems to me Hurley and Jaegles are pushing this thing pretty hard at the very start. They're liable to scare their victims out."

"I don't know about that. Flutterby is in it up to his ears now. He's fairly palpitating over the game. I think he's the kind who dodges at the start, but sticks and hangs like a chump after he gets into it."

"I gave Sturtevant credit for good sense in some

things," muttered Dick. "He seems to be pretty nearly as easy as Flutterby. Let's turn this seat over, Gardner, and ride backward. It will enable me to watch that game better without seeming to do so."

They turned the seat, which brought them facing Buckhart and Tubbs. Seemingly their sole object in changing was to face their friends. Brad was inclined to talk a great deal, but, after a few moments, Dick touched him on his knee, and, as the Texan leaned forward, whispered in his ear:

"Never mind if I don't seem to pay much attention to what you're saying, old man; keep on talking just the same. I am watching the game on the other side of the car. There's something crooked going on over there."

"All right," muttered Brad, "I'll let my jaw continue to wag, even if you don't catch everything I shoot at you."

It was not long before Dick saw something which satisfied him beyond question that Sturtevant and Flutterby were being cheated. Flutterby had six points, and it was his deal. Sturtevant bid one. Jaegles passed, and Hurley made a bid of three.

"Good gwithhuth!" gasped Oscar. "That'th dweadful! You don't mean it, thir!"

"I'll show you if you sell to me," grinned Hurley.

"Thay, didn't you mean two? Thertainly you meant two."

"Well, I said three, and I'll stand by it."

"Gwithhuth thaketh alive! I wanted to hold it for that. I can make three—I know I can."

"Perhaps you can make four."

"By Jove! I'm going to twy—I'm going to twy, doncher know. Yeth, thir. It'th diamondth, and here she ith."

Oscar led the king of diamonds.

Sturtevant put on the five-spot.

Jaegles laughed in a disgusted way, spreading his cards out and showing a lot of low-spot cards, the only trump being the seven-spot.

"I refuse to play a hand like that!" he exclaimed.

"What's the use? Now don't kick. It wouldn't make any difference if I did play it."

He threw them all on the table.

Hurley dropped on the jack of diamonds.

"There, thir," cried Oscar, "I caught that feller! I had to have him, doncher know. Now, if thomebody hathn't got the athe, I'll thmudge."

He led the queen of trumps next.

Sturtevant dropped on the jack of spades.

While this was taking place, Jaegles had pulled the



pack toward him and "palmed" a card, taking it from the top of the pack. In a moment he had this card under the narrow table and passed it across to Hurley, who sat with his left hand out of sight on his knee. Hurley seemed to hesitate. He ran his cards over with both hands as if in doubt. Then his right hand again dropped to his knee beneath the table. It carried a card with it, and this card was taken by Jaegles.

"This is pretty tough," muttered Hurley. "I hate to give it up."

He tossed the tray of hearts onto the table.

"He! he!" laughed Flutterby. "That's pretty low, isn't it?"

"It looks pretty low to me," said Hurley. "You're having things your own way now, my boy."

"Well, we'll see what else you've got," laughed Oscar, as he boldly led the ten-spot of trumps.

Sturtevant dropped a small club, but now Hurley gave Flutterby an attack of heart-failure by placing the ace of diamonds on the board and raking in the trick.

"Good gawthuth!" came in a dazed tone from Flutterby. "I don't understand that. What made you give up your jack in the first place? You're playing a dreadfully queer game, don't you know?"

"Am I?" laughed Hurley. "Why, I don't know about that. I gave you my jack, thinking you'd have a low card in your hand and would consider it good. I was tempted to put my ace on your second lead, but decided to hold it back for your low card. You came again with your ten-spot and pulled the ace out of me. Nothing odd about that, is there?"

"Well, I'm there," sighed Oscar. "Deuce take it! How did you get hold of that ace? I told you I had a wippin' good hand for three points."

"You had a chance to smudge. If a fellow doesn't take chances in this game, he never wins."

Flutterby next led the ace of clubs.

Sturtevant dropped the king, and Hurley contributed the ten-spot of the same suit.

Then Oscar made his final lead with the deuce of diamonds, which took the last trick.

"Well, say, you did have a good hand!" exclaimed Hurley. "You should have made it. It's hard luck, my boy."

"That's right," half groaned Oscar. "Just think, I had the king, queen, ten-spot, and deuce of diamonds, and the ace of clubs. Dreadful! dreadful! Mr. Hurley, you're the luckiest player I ever saw."

"Well, what do you think of that, pard?" muttered Buckhart.

"I think it's a skin game, with a couple of easy marks. I didn't believe it of Sturtevant. It is making me hot under the collar."

"Never mind," said Brad. "They ought to lose."

"Perhaps they ought to lose," returned Dick, "but I can't stand for a great deal of this. If this thing keeps up, I'll be forced to expose those two chaps who think they're so slick."

A little later Merriwell made another interesting discovery.

Hurley was not wearing cuffs, but he had something of more value to him in his sleeve.

Finally, of a sudden, Dick sprang up, stepped quickly across the aisle, and spoke to Mortimer.

"Sturtevant," he said, "you're playing with sharks! You're being cheated!"

"Good gawthuth!" gasped Flutterby, in astonishment.

"What's that?" cried Jaegles, likewise surprised.

"The devil!" grated Hurley, glaring at Dick. "Who does he mean?"

"Wait just a minute, all of you," said Merriwell. "I've made an accusation that I must prove, or I'll show myself a liar. Sturtevant, count those cards. You'll find the pack short."

"I won't stand for this!" snarled Hurley. "No outsider can butt in and accuse me and my friend of crookedness. Let me get at him!"

"Gentlemen," cried Dick to the passengers in the vicinity, "this fellow is a card-sharp and a cheat! He's been cheating, and I've caught him. Now he wants to fight."

Instantly several men, among whom were two or three drummers, rose to their feet and crowded about the card-players.

"He won't fight," announced one of the drummers. "He won't be permitted to fight until he proves that you're making a false charge, my boy. If you can't back up your assertion, he may do anything he pleases for all of me."

"That's right! that's right!" cried the others. "Let's find out if we've got a sharp on the train."

"There's been a lot of such business on this train lately," said a third. "I've been up against it myself. Met a certain big, smooth-faced old man and a half-foolish appearing boy who were monkeying with the cards. They generally work the line between Bath and Portsmouth."

Hurley was highly indignant to all outward appearances. He raged furiously, swearing that he would make Merriwell sorry.



But, in the meantime, Mortimer Sturtevant was counting the cards.

"There are only forty-seven cards here," he announced. "The pack is short."

"I thought as much," said Dick. "If you'll look for the missing cards, I think you'll find them in a hold-out in Mr. Hurley's sleeve."

"It's an infernal lie!" shouted Hurley, as he flung Flutterby out into the aisle and made a lunge at Dick.

Instantly he was seized by several men, who held him in spite of his struggles, while one of them investigated his sleeves.

"The boy's right!" cried this man. "Look, gentlemen, here is the hold-out, and here are the cards!"

He pulled the cards from the crook's sleeve, and held them up for inspection.

"A pretty fine hand for smudge," laughed Dick Merriwell. "Just look at it! The ace, king, jack, ten, and deuce of spades. Any crook ought to win with a hand like that."

The whole car was in an uproar. The passengers were furious, and insisted that the card-sharp should be kicked off the train at once.

"Wait a moment, gentlemen!" cried the conductor, as he forced his way down the aisle. "Here we are at Woodstock. We'll drop him there."

Woodstock is a little station on the Kennebec, opposite the city of Bath. At that point the train is ferried across the river to Bath.

"You haven't settled—you haven't paid them any money, have you, Sturtevant?" asked Dick.

"No," answered Mortimer, whose face was flushed with mingled indignation and shame, "we haven't settled. They'll get none of our money!"

"I should thay not!" exclaimed Flutterby. "I wouldn't pay thoth wathcalth a thent!"

When the train stopped at Woodstock the indignant passengers proceeded to run Hurley and Jaegles both out of the car and kick them onto the platform.

"I owe you thanks, Merriwell," said Mortimer Sturtevant soberly. "The fact is, I didn't take those fellows for what they are. Hurley has lately been taken into the B. A. A. A. in Boston, a club I belong to. It's generally supposed that the members of that club are gentlemen."

"In that case," returned Dick, "they made a big mistake in accepting Mr. Hurley as a member."

## CHAPTER VI.

### RESCUED FROM THE RIVER.

While the train was being broken up and the cars backed onto the ferry-boat, Mortimer and Oscar resumed their seats in the parlor-car.

"Wathn't that dweadfully lucky, Mortimer, deah boy?" said Flutterby. "We didn't have to pay thoth rathcalth a thent."

"I don't know whether it was lucky or not," muttered Sturtevant sourly. "Somehow, I'd rather paid them the money. That's the way I feel about it."

"Gwathuth shakes! how can you thay anything like that?"

"We were shown up as a couple of easy marks before the crowd in the smoker. I don't suppose Merriwell intended to make us ridiculous. I suppose he did it as a good turn, but I feel pretty cheap over it."

"I never thought of it that way, doncher know. What right did he have to butt in, anyway? He'th too thmart, Mortimer—that'th what he ith!"

"He's smart, all right. I had to thank him, and now I feel that I owe him something. If I ever get a chance, I'll pay it, too."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that he has placed me in his debt. I don't like it, Flutterby."

"Well, that wouldn't ever worry me any, deah boy."

"I don't suppose it would. All the same, it worries me."

"What are you going to do about that narhty feller, Hurley?"

"What am I going to do about him?"

"You won't thpar with him now, will you?"

"I don't know. I'd like to. I'd like to meet him and give him all he deserves."

"Buf he'th not a gentleman."

"No, he's not a gentleman. He's anything but a gentleman. Still I fairly itch to thrash him. I believe I can do it, too. He's a big case of bluff in some respects, or I'm greatly mistaken. Oh, I don't know what I'll do about it. One thing is certain: if I ever catch him playing cards in the club, I'll have a story to tell that will make him look like thirty cents."

"He ought to be put wight out of the club, deah boy."

"They never should have taken him in. Here we go onto the ferry-boat. What a nuisance this business is. We lose a lot of time here, and it makes the journey long and tedious. Why don't they build a bridge across this old river? They've been talking about it long enough."



"I wonder what will become of Mithter Hurley and hith fine fwiend?"

"I don't know, and I care less. They have their tickets. They can get onto the ferry if they want to. If we remain here, they'll see no more of us."

"Well, I don't want to thee them. I'm going to thtay wight here."

"I don't think they'll bother me, anyhow," said Mortimer. "Hurley must have it in for Merriwell all right. Aren't you coming out for a breath of air while crossing the river?"

"No, thir, I'm going to thtay wight here. You better do tho, too, Mortimer."

"I'm going out," said Sturtevant, as he rose and slipped on his overcoat. "I always do. It's a chance to get one's lungs filled with good, pure air, and after being in that smoker I feel the need of it."

He left the car and mounted the observation deck of the ferry-boat, which was already well out from the slip.

A bumping, and thumping, and grinding sound told him that the river was full of floating ice. On reaching the upper deck, he saw that this was true. A cool wind was sweeping down-stream, and there seemed to be considerable current. On the farther shore lay stretched the city of Bath, with its big shipyards in plain view up the river, where huge half-constructed vessels lay on the stocks.

Sturtevant pulled his hat down hard on his head and walked the deck. At first he seemed to be quite alone on that side of the boat.

Having reached the forward part of the deck, he turned and retraced his steps. He discovered that another person had appeared and was leaning over the rail. At a glance, he recognized this person as Merriwell.

At this juncture a third individual came up the stairs and reached the deck, glancing around swiftly.

It was Joe Hurley, and his eyes glowed with an evil light as he saw Merriwell at the rail.

Silently and swiftly Hurley stepped toward Dick, who was quite unconscious of his approach, the fellow's footsteps being drowned by the bumping and hammering of the broken ice.

There was something sinister in Hurley's movements, and Sturtevant opened his lips to shout a warning. As he did so, the young scoundrel lurched as if sent staggering by the movement of the boat and flung his shoulder with great force against Dick Merriwell's back.

Merriwell was knocked over the rail and went plunging downward into the cold, ice-fretted river.

A shout of horror came from Mortimer Sturtevant.

"You murderous scoundrel!" he cried.

"'Scuse me!" gasped Hurley, as he straightened up and saw Sturtevant. "Terrible mistake! terrible accident!"

"You lie!" hissed Sturtevant, as he tore off his heavy overcoat and flung it on the deck, following this action instantly by ripping off his undercoat.

To the rail he leaped, and an instant later he sprang headlong toward the bosom of the wintry Kennebec.

Dick Merriwell rose to the surface, chilled and benumbed by the unexpected shock received when he struck the water. As he came up, his head bumped against a cake of ice.

This was enough almost wholly to rob Dick of strength and consciousness. In a hazy way he struggled to keep afloat, but something told him it was a hopeless effort. It seemed that he was doomed.

Through a black mist he seemed to see the ferry-boat plowing on its way. The current had swept him to one side, and was carrying him down the river.

Never in all his life had the boy felt such a strange inability to move. The desire to cease struggling and resign himself to his fate almost overcame him. He knew, in a vague way, that unless assistance reached him promptly he must sink to rise no more in life.

Then something dark appeared close at hand—something like a buoy. It came nearer—nearer. It had a pair of human eyes, which were fastened on Dick. It had a voice, and this voice called:

"Keep up, Merriwell—keep up a moment! I'll help you! Here comes a tug! She'll pick us up!"

Then Dick felt himself grasped and sustained. He did not recognize his preserver, for that transforming mist still fluttered before his eyes.

There were shouts and the clanging of a bell. Then a dark hulk loomed close at hand. In a hazy way Dick felt something passed about his body beneath his arms and knew that he was lifted from the water.

In the warmth of the engine-room on the little tug, *Bert Magoon*, Dick rapidly recovered. A grimy man was holding a glass of whisky to his lips.

"Here, drink this, young feller," urged the man. "Great snakes! but you certainly had a cold bath that time!"

Dick pushed the stuff away.

"Give me some hot water," he said faintly. "That's all I need."

"Well, if he won't take the whisky," said a familiar



voice, "you can pass it this way. The other one you gave me hit the right spot."

"Hello, Sturtevant!" said Merriwell, gazing in surprise at another boy, who was also dripping wet. "Where did you come from?"

"You and I have been taking a swim, Merriwell," said Mortimer.

"That's right," nodded the grimy man, as he passed the glass of whisky over to Sturtevant, "you two chaps have been taking a swim. You fell into the river, my boy, and the other feller jumped in after you. Lucky he did, too, I guess, for you bumped your nut against a cake of ice and came pretty near sinking for good. We were close by and saw it all."

By this time the captain of the boat had placed a dipper of steaming-hot water in Dick's hand. Merriwell took a swallow and straightened up suddenly, making a wry face.

"Jingoes!" he said. "I felt that all the way down. It certainly is hot. But let me get this business straight. Something knocked me off the ferry-boat."

"'Something' is a good name for the ruffian who did it!" exclaimed Sturtevant. "I saw it all."

"You—what did you do? I seem to remember that some one clutched me in the water. It was you, Sturtevant? You jumped in after me?"

"I can't deny it," said Mortimer.

Dick sipped the hot water in silence, with his dark eyes surveying Mortimer Sturtevant all the while. Finally he spoke again.

"What made you do it?" he asked. "Why did you take such chances of being drowned?"

"Look here, Merriwell, I haven't forgotten how you appeared on your ice-boat up there at Moosehead and saved Flutterby and me from those wolves. I haven't forgotten how you exposed that card-sharp on the train. I think I owed you something."

"Well, if you did," said Dick, "it's my opinion that you have not only canceled the debt, but you have placed a big balance to your credit."

## CHAPTER VII.

### JAEGLES APOLOGIZES FOR HURLEY.

Joe Hurley disappeared when the ferry-boat landed on the western side of the Kennebec. In vain Dick's friends looked for him.

Merriwell's plunge into the river was witnessed by one or two passengers and some of the ferry-boat hands. They also saw Sturtevant leap after him, and beheld the rescue of the two boys by the tug.

Naturally Buckhart, Gardner, and Tubbs were waiting in great excitement when the tug brought Dick and Mortimer to the pier on the Bath side of the river. As the tug swung in to the pier an excited little chap, carrying a fluttering overcoat over his arm, came rushing and panting to the place of landing.

"Gwathuth thaketh alive!" he gasped. "I jutht heard about all the terrible thingth that have happened, doncher know. My goodneth thaketh! I wonder if Mortimer ith alive! I wonder if he'll have pneumonia and die after thith dweadful ducking in the wiver!"

"Say, you!" growled Buckhart. "Stand over there by yourself, and don't get too near me! If I have to listen to much of that talk, I'll certain stomp on you and flatten you out like a pancake!"

"Oh, thuz!" exclaimed Flutterby. "It'th that horwid cow-puncher feller! Evwywhere I go I have to wun into him. Hi! hi! hello! whoopee! There'th Mortimer! I thee him! I thay, Mortimer, are you all wight?"

Flutterby was dancing about wildly as he waved his hand at Sturtevant and Merriwell, who appeared together, both dressed in dry clothing provided by the captain of the tug. There was nothing stylish about their clothes, for the garments had been worn by the laborers of the little boat.

"Here, you!" called Sturtevant, as soon as his eye fell on Oscar. "Hustle up to the street yonder and get a cab for us. We can't catch that train, so we'll have to go to a hotel until we can get a new outfit of clothing."

"Thay," said Oscar, motioning toward Dick's friends, "why don't one of thethe fellerth wun for a cab? I've wun now until I'm out of bweath, doncher know."

"It's doubtful if he'd be able to get a cab in a hurry," said Gardner. "I'll make a rush for one."

Earl was fortunate in finding a closed cab in short order, and bringing it down to the pier.

In the meantime, Merriwell had offered to pay the captain of the tug, but was waved aside.

"Oh, no, my boy," said the rough man, shaking his head, "I wouldn't think of taking money for pulling you out of the drink. Besides that, I happen to know the other chap's father. Mr. Sturtevant has given me some business before now, and it's all right. Just send those clothes to me at this address. That's all I want."

"The engineer——" began Dick.

"Well, if you go down there and offer Bob money, you'll hear something from him that you won't like. You can't pay anybody on this boat, my lad. We're



paid in satisfaction over saving both you chaps from drowning."

The boys hustled into the cab, their wet clothing being brought and flung after them by Buckhart. A hotel was decided on, and away they went, the others following on foot.

Before leaving the pier, however, Sturtevant instructed Flutterby to hustle back to the train, which he had time to catch in the station at Bath, and tell Augustus P. what had taken place.

"Tell him I'm all right, Oscar," said Mortimer. "I'll be home to-morrow. Don't fancy I can get there to-day, although I may. You'd better stick to the train and go along with the gov'nor."

"I hate to leave you, doncher know, dear boy," sighed Oscar. "I weally think you need me to look after you."

"I rather fancy I can look out for myself," laughed young Sturtevant. "Go ahead and do as I told you. I'll see you at the club to-morrow night."

"All wight, Mortimer, I'll thurely be there. I do hope you don't catch pneumonia. Good-by, deah boy."

Thus it happened that Merriwell and Sturtevant saw a great deal of each other during the next few hours and became much better acquainted.

The fact that Mortimer had voluntarily plunged into the icy river to aid Dick caused Merriwell's friends to regard the fellow in quite a new light. Up to this time, in spite of Dick's disposition to consider young Sturtevant a somewhat decent chap, Buckhart had taken no stock in the fellow. Now, however, Brad was forced to confess that Mortimer had shown himself courageous and manly. The only thing which continued to gall the Texan was the fact that young Sturtevant chose as a companion an insipid chap of Flutterby's stamp.

As for Hurley, the boys agreed that he deserved the extreme punishment for his dastardly act. They talked the matter over a great deal.

"There's just one thing about it," said Sturtevant; "he'll claim it was accidental. You know he had been drinking. When he came up behind Dick he lurched and staggered as if dizzy, and fell with his shoulder against Merriwell's back. He didn't touch Dick with his hands. I saw it all."

"Well, I hope you don't have a sneaking idea that it really was an accident!" growled Buckhart.

"No, I don't believe it was an accident," declared Sturtevant promptly. "At the same time, it's barely possible Hurley didn't fully realize what he was doing.

It's barely possible he didn't mean to knock Merriwell over the rail. His idea may have been to give Dick a bump and frighten him. I can't quite fancy a fellow vicious enough to try to drown a chap in that fashion."

"Well," said Dick, "I'm willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. We'll say he didn't mean to drown me. We'll say it's probable he meant to frighten me by causing me partly to lose my balance. Perhaps he intended to pick trouble with me there on the upper deck of the ferry-boat."

"I think that's it," agreed Mortimer. "You see scarcely any one was present. Of course, you'd be angry at a person who bumped against you and came near knocking you overboard. You'd turn and express yourself in decidedly strong language. That would give the fellow a chance to get at you for a scrap. I believe that was Hurley's scheme."

"Mebbe it was," muttered Brad. "All the same, I opine that coyote is just about as onery as they make 'em. The only excuse for him is that he'd been drinking, and that's a rotten poor excuse, for no galoot has to drink. If a gent commits a crime under the influence of bug-juice, I allow he ought to be punished just the same as if he was perfectly sober at the time. Nobody held him and poured the stuff down his throat. He got soused of his own accord, and that's all there is to it. Therefore, he is responsible just the same as a sober man. You hear me gently murmur!"

The boys were compelled to stay over in Bath until the following morning.

Arriving in Boston, they put up at the Parker House.

Sturtevant also secured a room there, seeming in no haste about getting home, although he sent a message to his folks, informing them that he had arrived in the city and was all right.

"We'll go round to the club this afternoon, boys," he said. "I want you to see it. There's not another like it in this country. We have fine rooms, and our members are all young fellows. Don't think there's a man in the club over thirty, and we have chaps of sixteen on our list."

They were in the office of the hotel and about to leave when a young man came hurrying up and spoke to Dick.

It was Jaegles.

"Mr. Merriwell," he said, "I'm relieved and delighted to see you here, all right."

Buckhart began to growl like a disturbed bear.



"Are you, indeed?" inquired Dick, lifting his eyebrows.

"I give you my word I am," returned Jaegles. "It'll be a great thing for Joe when I tell him."

"Joe?"

"I mean Hurley, you know. Say, that boy was completely broken up. He was the worst frightened fellow I ever saw."

"He ought to be!" muttered Buckhart.

"It sobered him up pretty quick, I tell you," nodded Jaegles. "Look here, Merriwell, I hope you don't think that was intentional."

"Wasn't it?"

"Wasn't it? Not on your life! Joe Hurley's not that sort of a chap!"

"He knocked me over the rail into the Kennebec."

"I know he did. He was full at the time. You know what happened on the train. That was a joke, Merriwell."

"A joke, was it?"

"Why, sure. We had no idea of taking money from Sturtevant and his friend. We were having sport with them, that's all."

Mortimer Sturtevant stepped forward.

"That sounds pretty well," he said, "but it seems like an afterthought."

"It's straight goods," asserted Jaegles. "I give you my word of honor it is. Hurley thinks he's pretty clever at cards, and he tries to learn all the tricks of the sharpers, so he'll be onto them if he happens to run against them. That's why he was practising those tricks on the train."

"Well, you tell him for me," said Dick, "that he'd better practise crooked card tricks anywhere besides on the public smoker of a railroad train. You both got off easily."

"Not so easy, either," said Jaegles, with a grimace. "Somebody kicked me with a boot that seemed to weigh a ton. No wonder Joe was angry. No wonder he was thoughtless and reckless. I tell you he's sorry, Merriwell, and he's been the most miserable chap in the world since that thing happened. We wired back to Bath last night, and found that both you and Sturtevant had been rescued all right. It was something of a relief, but still Hurley can't get over it. He sent me round here to watch for you or for Sturtevant. You know we learned that Sturtevant usually puts up at this hotel whenever he stops at any hotel in the city. I found your names on the register, and was going to send my card up when you came down. I hope you

won't make trouble for Joe. When you know him better, you'll find he isn't such a bad fellow after all."

"Under the circumstances, I don't think I care to know him better," said Dick. "We'll let it drop, giving him the benefit of the doubt in this matter. Come on, fellows."

They turned away and walked out of the hotel onto Tremont Street.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE CLASSES OF THE CLUB.

The club-house of the Boston Amateur Athletic Association proved to be a most interesting and attractive place. Sturtevant explained that the club had been made possible by the generosity of a very wealthy man, who founded it and provided an annual fund for its maintenance. This man's example had been followed by others, and the club was developing into an institution much larger and broader than the one originally projected. There were billiard-rooms, bowling-alleys, and a fine gymnasium, the latter being outfitted in a thoroughly up-to-date manner.

It was in truth an athletic club, not only in name, but in fact. Without an exception, the members were prominent in amateur athletics, or had been at the time of their entrance to the club. There was a dining-room, but the strongest drinks served in the place were wholly non-intoxicating. Under no circumstances was a member or a visitor permitted to drink liquor within the club.

Every afternoon a large gathering of members assembled, some to lounge in the reading-room, some to play billiards, some to bowl, some to exercise in the gymnasium, and a few to wander about and observe what was going on without taking any part in the "doings." Naturally, most of these young fellows were the sons of well-to-do men, but among them were a few whose parents were not wealthy. Poverty barred no one from the club, the entrance fee being low and the dues light. It was required, however, that every applicant for membership should come highly recommended as to his moral character and standing.

"I want to introduce you to our boxing instructor, fellows," said Mortimer. "He's one of the cleverest in the city, and a great enthusiast over the art of self-defense. We make boxing a special feature here. Every month we have an exhibition night, when there are several bouts between members of the different classes."

"What do you mean by the different classes?" asked Dick.



"Professor Chambers will explain that to you. It's his idea. Here he is now."

Sturtevant caught the professor's eye, and that worthy advanced with a bow and a smile.

"I see you're back, my boy," he said. "Suppose you had a great time on your outing?"

"Oh, yes, first-rate," replied Mortimer. "Let me introduce some friends of mine."

He then presented Merriwell and the others, all of whom received a hearty hand-grip from Professor Chambers.

"Merriwell?" said the professor interrogatively, as he surveyed Dick. "Why, that name's familiar to me, although it doesn't seem at all common. Let me see. Oh, yes, there's a young man of that name who has made quite a reputation as an amateur athlete. He was a Yale man."

"You're speaking of my brother," said Dick, with a touch of pride.

"Ah! your brother?" cried Chambers, thoroughly interested in a moment. "Then you're a brother to Frank Merriwell? Well, I congratulate you, my boy."

"Thank you, sir."

The boxing instructor made another survey of Dick.

"You look like an athlete yourself. I should say you are in good trim and take an interest in amateur sports."

"You're right, sir."

"Attend school, I presume?"

"Fardale Academy."

"Fardale? Well, that's fine. That's one of the best fitting schools I know anything about. I've seen several clever youngsters who came out of Fardale. What's your line?"

"I have no particular line."

"You don't make a special fad of anything?"

"No, sir."

"What do you do?"

"I play baseball, football, and enjoy other sports."

Buckhart was inclined to butt in and explain that Dick was captain of both the nine and eleven at school, but Merriwell cautioned him with a warning glance, and a slight shake of the head.

"I'm decidedly in favor of baseball," asserted Professor Chambers. "It's the finest open-air game ever invented."

"How about football?" questioned Dick.

"Well, I'm not wholly favorable to football as it is played at present. I've never said much against it, but this agitation for a change in the game meets my hearty approval. There's no doubt but it is too dan-

gerous as played just now. It's a great game to arouse enthusiasm and draw a crowd of spectators, but I'm confident it can be improved, the danger lessened, and still maintain its hold on the public."

"You don't think it will be abolished?"

Chambers laughed heartily.

"Abolished? Never! Such a thing is impossible! A few schools and colleges may abolish it temporarily, but when the game has been properly restricted and altered, they'll all take it up again. The players want it, and the public wants it. You can't abolish it. Columbia has cut it out; but, if things move right, she'll take it up again in time."

"You anticipate that it will be modified sufficiently to eliminate all danger in the course of time?"

"It will never be modulated sufficiently to eliminate all danger. My boy, there's danger in any athletic game. There's danger in baseball. You don't hear any great outcry against baseball, yet every season a few players are seriously injured, and once in awhile one is killed. These things can't be helped. There's danger in everything we do. When you leave this club you may walk a few blocks on the street. You may cross the car tracks. Perhaps the street will be crowded. There may be vehicles of all sorts, including automobiles. Street-cars will be running. It's not impossible that you'll be killed within a block or two of the door. Only the other day I was walking along Washington Street. Something whizzed past my head and fell on the sidewalk, being shattered into a number of pieces. It missed me by a foot, I should say. I looked down. It was a brick, which had fallen from the building. Had it struck my head, I wouldn't be here now. We can't eliminate danger from life. We'll never eliminate danger from athletics. Still, it is our duty to take proper precautions, and that's what will be done with football."

"I agree with you, sir," said Dick. "You've expressed my ideas in this matter. Mr. Sturtevant tells me that sparring is much in favor here. Now, any one knows there is danger in that. I don't mean prize-fighting; I'm speaking of sparring. Things happen in straight amateur bouts. A chap gets a blow over the heart and dies. No one suspected that he had heart trouble, but after it's all over, the doctor finds that such was the case. Are we going to abandon sparring because of these accidents?"

"Not much!" laughed Chambers. "Where one fellow is injured or killed, a thousand are taught to defend themselves from injury or death. That's the real motive back of sparring. A chap who can handle his fists, and put up a good fight, is always prepared to defend himself from assault and protect weaker persons who may be attacked. I'm not a man who de-



fends prize-fighting as it is conducted to-day. I'm flatly against it. It's a game of graft. It's a game of treachery and deceit. In the good old times there was such a thing as honest prize-fighting. Between you and me, I'd enjoy an honest prize-fight to-day, but I keep away from them for the reason that one never knows whether they are on the level or are fakes. The little scraps we have here are always on the level. There's no question about that. Therefore, it's a pleasure to witness them."

"Mr. Merriwell was questioning me about our method of dividing our boxers into classes," said Sturtevant. "I told him you would explain."

"That's simple enough," asserted the instructor. "Prize-fighters are classified by weight. There's the bantam, the lightweight, the welterweight, the middleweight, and the heavyweight. A man may belong to the heavyweight class because he tips the scales at so much. It makes no difference whether he has shown by his skill that he's able to meet some other well-known heavyweight, or whether he's better fitted to meet a middleweight or even a lightweight. If he fights in his class, he has to go against the heavyweight. There's something wrong about this method of classifying prize-fighters. Of course, there seems to be no other way of dividing the great number of men all over the world who fight, but in a club like this there is another method. I study every man who comes under my observation. I classify him according to his ability. At present there are but three classes in the club. The first class contains the men of the greatest skill, those who are very evenly matched and can put up a rattling good scrap. The second class contains the medium men, the fellows who fight pretty well but are not strictly up to snuff. The third class contains the greenhorns and beginners, chaps who may have some knowledge of the game, but who could not stand up and hold their own against men of the second class. Here everything goes by points. If in a match a fellow is getting the worst of it, but happens to knock his opponent out by a lucky wallop, he does not win. The match is decided by a committee of three, who take into consideration the skill shown by both boxers and pronounce the most skilful man the winner."

"Well, that's a novel idea," admitted Dick. "Still there seems to be a defect in it."

"What defect?"

"You know it frequently happens that a skilful boxer outpoints his antagonist, but plainly shows that he hasn't the steam in him to whip the other man. His blows are practically harmless."

"What of that? We're not teaching our boys to become prize-fighters. We're teaching them the art of self-defense. The best we can give them is science. With science they will win in an encounter, providing they do have stamina and steam. Now we've taken a new man into this club. He lost no time in coming out to show what he could do. He was found to be a straight amateur, but at the same time

he was no greenhorn. You couldn't put him in the third class. I tried him for the second. He was too good for it. I had to put him in the first class. Immediately he investigated to learn who was the champion of that class. The records show that Mortimer Sturtevant is champion. This new man thinks he can become the champion of the first class. He's challenged Sturtevant."

"That's Hurley," said Mortimer. "I received his challenge. I wired Clinton Hall that I would meet him. Since then some things have happened which caused me to regret my hasty decision."

"Eh?" exclaimed Chambers. "What do you mean? Aren't you going to meet him?"

"I am," nodded Mortimer. "I said I would, and I propose to do so. I'll tell you later why I regret the necessity of going against Hurley. If I defeat him, under no circumstances will I ever meet him again in this club. If he wants anything of me, he'll have to force me into a fight outside."

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE BEST MAN.

"Merriwell," said Professor Chambers, "we ought to have you in this club. You ought to be a member."

"I told him so," explained Sturtevant. "I'd like to put his name in."

"But I'm not in Boston a great deal," reminded Dick.

"Still," said the boxing instructor, "when you are this would be a fine place for you. It costs very little to become a non-resident member. Non-residents have the same privileges as residents. If you enter and take part in sparring, you'll be classified just the same as the others. Better let Sturtevant put your name in."

"I'll consider it," said Dick.

Sturtevant laughed shortly.

"I want him to come in," he stated; "but one thing is certain."

"What's that?" asked Chambers.

"If he ever does enter and takes hold of sparring here, I see my finish."

"What do you mean?"

"I know what he can do. I've seen an exhibition of his skill."

"Indeed? Where was that?"

"On the steamer *City of Bangor*."

Chambers was highly interested, and asked questions rapidly.

"What happened on the steamer?"

"Merriwell was forced into a fight."

"Ah! just an ordinary fight?"

"There wasn't anything ordinary about it. He had some trouble with a Bangor chap. I'll add frankly that the Bangor chap was a friend of mine. His name is Holt. As a scrapper he's no slouch, and he knows it. My judgment of fighters is pretty good, ain't it, professor?"



"You're very clever in judging a man's ability," nodded Chambers.

"Well, I give you my word that Holt could enter this club and hold his own with any man in the first sparring class."

"Except yourself?"

"Excepting no one. He's fully as skilful as I am, and, as a fighter, he's a little more vicious, I fancy."

"What's the use to go over that matter, Sturtevant!" exclaimed Dick. "It was a most unpleasant affair. I had to fight him, you know."

"I said so in the first place," nodded Mortimer.

"But I'm interested, Sturtevant," reminded Chambers. "I'd like to hear about it. I'd like to know how it came out."

"Of course, they couldn't fight in the main saloon," said Sturtevant. "Holt was determined to whip Merriwell. He went down below and made arrangements for a scrap on the freight-deck. Then he came back and dared Merriwell to meet him there. The stevedores cleared a good-sized place on the deck, and Merriwell met Holt. From the very start the Bangor boy was outpointed. He began to realize it in a short time, and it simply added to his rage and determination to put Merriwell out. Understand, Chambers, that this was a fight with bare fists. Merriwell marked Holt quite a lot. He gave him a handsome black eye, cut his lip, and put his nose out of plumb. That didn't take any of the fight out of Holt. He refused to quit."

"He was no quitter," admitted Dick.

Sturtevant continued:

"Merriwell asked him if he had had enough. He hadn't. He was bound to force the thing to a knock-out, and in the end he got it. Merriwell slammed him in the wind with one hand, and nailed him on the jaw with the other. It was some time before Holt knew what had happened."

"This is, indeed, very interesting," chuckled Professor Chambers, as he placed a hand on Merriwell's shoulder. "My boy, this is the first time I ever heard Sturtevant acknowledge any one his superior. I don't understand it."

Mortimer flushed.

"Perhaps that's a polite way of saying I have a bad case of swelled head," he muttered.

"No, I didn't mean that," declared the boxing instructor. "You've been a confident chap, but it takes confidence for a man to win. I'd like to see Merriwell spar. Now, why can't we arrange it? You have plenty of time. There are spare suits in my locker. Why don't you and Merriwell put on the gloves?"

Sturtevant laughed heartily.

"What do you say, Merriwell, old man?" he cried. "Let's have a little go. I'd like to find out just what I can do against you."

Dick shrugged his shoulders.

"All right," he said, "I don't mind."

In this manner it happened that, some twenty minutes later, the two boys came out dressed for sparring

and went at it beneath the critical eye of Professor Chambers. Sturtevant's friends, to the extent of a dozen or more, gathered about, and all seemed confident that he would defeat the stranger. Their confidence and their observations irritated Buckhart, who promptly offered to wager something that they would find themselves mistaken.

Sturtevant paused a moment and gave Brad a look.

"You can't make any bets in the club, old man," he said. "They don't allow it here. Whatever betting is done has to be done on the outside."

"I'd like to go outside with him a minute or two," said one of Mortimer's friends.

"Come on, you!" burst from Brad, as he singled the speaker out. "I'll go you right down to my last plunk."

It was Dick's turn to speak.

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Brad," he said. "We didn't come here for this."

"That's proper," nodded Professor Chambers. "Betting makes bad feelings. This is not a bout for blood, anyhow. Still, I hope both boys will do their level best."

Mortimer Sturtevant was determined to do his level best. Even though he had stated his belief that Merriwell was a better man, he went into the encounter with the determination of outpointing Dick if possible.

The impromptu match soon aroused the enthusiasm of the spectators, for both lads showed themselves to be deft, skilful, clever, and quick-witted. It was Sturtevant who landed the first effective blow, which proved to be quite a jolt on Dick's chin.

"Oh, Mortimer is there with the goods!" laughed one of his friends.

An instant later this fellow changed his tune, for Merriwell drew another lead, ducked, blocked, smashed Sturtevant on the ribs, got away, came in like a flash, and hit him right and left without getting as much as a tap in return.

Not a word did Professor Chambers say, but his eyes glowed, and a faint smile crept around the corners of his mouth.

The boys sparred four rounds of two minutes each, and at the finish Sturtevant's friends were silent, for they realized that Mortimer had been outpointed. He had not been disgracefully defeated, but at the same time all knew he had met his master in Merriwell.

"I told you so, professor," said Sturtevant, as the gloves were being removed from his hands. "I knew what Merriwell could do. I give you my word that I tried my prettiest with him."

"Hello! hello!" cried a voice, as two newcomers pushed forward. "What's going on here? Why, it's Sturtevant! Is it all over? That's too bad! I'm sorry I missed it."

The speaker was Joe Hurley, and his companion was Jaegles.

Seeming to recognize Merriwell for the first time, Hurley hastened up to him, saying in a low tone:



"Merriwell, I want to apologize to you. I want to beg your pardon. I hope you won't spread the report here in the club that I was drunk on the train and on that ferry-boat. I acknowledge that I was."

Dick looked the fellow straight in the eye.

"I'm not here to spread any kind of a report," he said. "Jaegles told me it was an accident."

"So it was—so it was," asserted Hurley. "I didn't mean to knock you into the river. I did bump against you intentionally. I was trying to pick another quarrel with you. You know a fellow isn't responsible when he's been drinking. I'm sober to-day, and I'm sorry."

"Well, that settles it then," said Dick. "If you're sorry, we'll dismiss the matter, and say no more about it."

## CHAPTER X.

### AN HONOR FOR DICK.

After a plunge in the swimming tank and a rub-down, Merriwell and Sturtevant dressed.

Dick had finished dressing when two young men asked admission to the room.

"Shall I let them in, pard?" asked Buckhart.

"Certainly," nodded Dick.

One fellow was tall and dark, the other short, rotund, rosy, and flaxen-haired.

The dark one hurried forward and seized Dick's hand, while the other came pudging after, a jolly smile on his face.

"My name is Cardigan—Ross Cardigan," announced the tall man, who was about twenty-seven or eight years old. "You don't know me. I'm an old Harvard man. Knew your brother. Haven't had the pleasure of seeing him in years. This is my friend, Dolby. Dolby's a Dartmouth grad. He knew Frank Merriwell."

"Did I!" chuckled Dolby. "I should guess yes. Had a jolly little dinner with him once on a time after he'd broke training in the spring. Know him? Why, it was one of the pleasures of my life to know him. And you're his brother? Say, put your little fin in mine!"

"I'm certainly delighted to meet two friends of my brother here at this club," said Dick. "I presume you belong to it?"

"Belong to it?" grinned Dolby. "Why, it belongs to us! We own it! Anything we say here goes. Get onto that."

"Come, come, Dol," remonstrated Cardigan, "don't get too extravagant in your statements."

"Oh, well, it's all right," asserted the stout chap. "Whatever I say goes. You always provide the salt for it. Hello, here's Sturtevant! Sturtevant knows us, eh, Mortimer, my boy? They tell me Merriwell has been trimming you. Is it possible, Mortimer—is it possible? And you're supposed to be the champion of your class. Awful, Mortimer—awful! I'm disappointed in you. Still, you have nothing to be ashamed

of if this Merriwell is like his brother. His brother was a trimmer from the word go. He had a habit of trimming people who went up against him."

"Now, Merriwell," said Cardigan, in an apologetic manner, "don't pay too much attention to Dolby. When that mouth of his starts running he can't stop it. He's liable to go to sleep at night and leave it wagging. He talks in his sleep simply because talking is a habit with him. Nobody pays much attention to anything he says."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Dolby. "That's one of Cardigan's jokes. He thinks it's funny. He's always joking about my mouth. Well, what's the use of having a mouth if a feller doesn't employ it? I'll confess—I'll tell the truth. I do talk a great deal. Yes, I admit it. Sometimes I wake up in the night and feel lonesome and talk to myself. In that way I'm company for myself. I'm really jolly society for myself, don't you know. But what did we come here for, Cardy? You had an idea in your head. What was it? Oh, yes, I remember. Come, my boy, speak up. Spring it."

"I haven't had a chance yet," declared Cardigan. "Your tongue makes such a clacking that I couldn't be heard if I did speak up. It's this way, Merriwell: There are lots of fellows in this club who either knew your brother or have heard of him and admire him as the representative young American of to-day. Some of those fellows saw you sparring with Sturtevant. They expected Sturtevant would do you up. They were disappointed in the result—disappointed and pleased. Now, hold on, Mortimer! you understand that we stick by you, but we couldn't help being pleased to discover another Merriwell who promises to follow in the footsteps of his illustrious brother."

"Now what do you think of that, Merriwell—now what do you think of that for talk?" cried Dolby. "He tells me I shoot off a lot of hot air, but I'd like to know what you call that. He's throwing it into you by the barrel. You're blushing, my boy, and I don't wonder. Why, in all my days of gush, I never pumped so much hot air at one person in such a brief space of time."

"Will you dry up, Dolby?" snapped Cardigan, frowning on his smiling companion. "Let me come to the point."

"If you will—if you only will!" cried Dolby. "If you don't come to it in a hurry, the point may come to you, and possibly you'll feel it."

"I'm on the examining committee here," Ross Cardigan explained, again speaking to Dick. "Dolby is another. We look up the records of all who apply for membership in this club. If we pronounce against a candidate, he doesn't go; if we pronounce for him, he goes. Now, one of the boys suggested a few moments ago that it would be a great idea to have Frank Merriwell's brother as an honorary member of this club. That suggestion seemed to strike everybody in a favorable manner. There wasn't a dissenting voice. The club holds a meeting to-night. We're going to put your name in and push it through. If you're going to



fight about it, if you're going to raise a row, if you're going to object, do so now or forever hold your peace. If you don't make a fuss at once, to-morrow's rising sun is sure to shine on you as an honorary member of the B. A. A. A."

"That's the stuff!" cried Mortimer Sturtevant. "Now you're talking, Cardigan. Why, I've been trying to induce him to apply for non-resident membership. Never thought that he'd be offered an honorary membership."

Dick really was confused.

"I'm afraid you're showering too much honor on me," he faltered. "I haven't done anything to deserve it."

"That'll do! that'll do!" chuckled Dolby. "Why, isn't he the real modest young thing! Just see him blush! He! he! he! Think of a blasé young chap like him who blushes. Wish I could blush."

"You don't have to," said Cardigan. "You eat so much rare beef that you're boiling over with blood, and people think by the looks of your red face that you're a heavy drinker. Merriwell, listen to me. I'm going to say one word of praise for this fellow, Dolby. It's the only thing I can say, and I'm glad to have an opportunity to give him credit for something. He's never tasted an intoxicating drink of any sort in all his life."

"Now hold on, Ross—hold on!" protested Dolby. "By Jove! I believe you *are* making me blush! You know that is not regarded as creditable for a fellow in these times. Most chaps reckon there is something the matter with a man who has never taken a drink. Once in my life I was foolish enough to make that statement concerning myself at a little social gathering. The young gentlemen present smiled behind their hands. The young ladies gave me the incredulous eye. Some of the old ladies patted me on the cheek and called me a real nice boy. The host rose up and propounded a conundrum. He said: 'What's the difference between George Washington and Jack Dolby?' Then he answered it. Said he: 'George never did; Jack always does.' But that wasn't the worst. Before the evening was over, the hostess led me out into the butler's pantry or some other place of concealment and tried to inveigle me into taking one little sip of port wine. There you have it—the same old situation that made all the trouble in the Garden of Eden. Since then I've never boasted of my temperance principles."

"Have you run down?" asked Cardigan, with a smothered groan. "Hold on, Dolby—don't start in again."

Sturtevant now introduced Dick's friends to Cardigan and Dolby, and the tall chap explained that he would like to propose all of them for honorary membership, but it was against the rules of the club to propose more than one person for such membership at a regular meeting.

"We're a whole lot satisfied that you've bestowed the honor on Dick," said Buckhart. "He's the one for it."

"You understand, Merriwell," said Cardigan, "that an honorary member has all the privileges of the club, with the exception that he cannot pay dues and cannot vote in business meetings. Otherwise he stands precisely the same as the rest of the members. We've spoken to Professor Chambers about this matter, and he says he wants you on his boxing list. You know there's a new man who's out for the championship of the first class. He's after Sturtevant's scalp now. If he takes that, he'll be looking for you. I hope you'll be able to suppress the gentleman."

"If Merriwell wants it, he can have the opportunity after I'm through with that fellow," laughed Sturtevant.

After leaving the dressing-room, the boys bowled and played billiards awhile. It had grown dark when they left the club and took a subway-car, which landed them at Park Street, the nearest point to the Parker House.

The following day Merriwell was notified that he had been made an honorary member of the B. A. A. A.

## CHAPTER XI.

### WHOSE MONEY?

Thus it was easy for Dick and his friends to linger a few days in Boston, and every minute of the time spent in that city proved interesting and enjoyable.

On Sunday they attended church in the morning and listened to a lecture in Tremont Temple in the evening. Monday evening, at the urgent invitation of Sturtevant, they visited him in his home on Commonwealth Avenue. They were graciously received by Mortimer's mother and sister, the latter proving to be a most attractive and agreeable girl.

In the course of the evening Sturtevant slyly whispered in his sister's ear:

"Stop it, Mabel—stop it! Don't go to getting smashed on Merriwell. All the girls do that. Be original. Take Gardner. What's the matter with him?"

"Stop, Mortimer!" she whispered back, with a touch of indignation. "I'm not getting smashed on him. He's a nice fellow, and I like him well enough, that's all."

"Oh, is it—is it?" softly laughed young Sturtevant. "Say, Mabel, I'm too sly a dog to be fooled by the signs. I know 'em. You've hoisted 'em plain enough for any one to see. If he took a fancy to attack the citadel, you'd surrender."

At this moment Augustus P. Sturtevant came striding into the room and created a diversion which hid Mabel's confusion.

"Ah-ha!" said the timber king, as he surveyed the visitors. "So these are the young men Mortimer has talked so much about? Well, well! And they're the same fellows who stole my rooms in the Thorndike Hotel at Rockland. Wouldn't give 'em up either. Now what do you think of that, mother?—these boys got my rooms and wouldn't give 'em up to me! Hold on, sir!" he exclaimed, as Dick started to speak.



"Don't you deny it, sir! I didn't like it—I confess I didn't like it, then. I've thought it over since, and I've come to the conclusion that you weren't so much to blame after all. The clerk assigned you those rooms, and, of course, you had a right to keep them. I fancy I may have been a little brusque in the way I went at you. You see I was indignant. I was angry because those rooms had been given to some one else. I didn't stop to consider who was to blame, and I just blazed away at you. Let me say a few words more. If you'd given them up after I came at you in that fashion, I should have said you were easily bluffed. You didn't give 'em up, and, since thinking it over, I don't blame you. Now isn't that square enough?"

Square enough! It was the most astonishing thing Augustus P. had ever said in all his life. Even Mortimer stared at his father in amazement.

The result of this unprecedented action on the part of the timber king was that the fifteen minutes he spent with the boys proved to be unexpectedly pleasant and enjoyable. When Mr. Sturtevant excused himself and left them, Mortimer laughingly muttered in Dick's ear:

"I thought I'd have to send out a hurry call for the doctor. The old man nearly gave me heart failure. Never knew him to come off his perch like that before."

On Tuesday evening Sturtevant took the boys out to "show them the town." In the course of their wanderings they dropped into the Hotel Cecil. The big, wide door between the lobby and the bar was open, and just beyond the doorway had gathered a group of young men. As the boys entered they heard one of these men speaking:

"I tell you Hurley will do it! He'll deliver the goods! I'm backing him. His challenge is posted, and he's ready to meet Sturtevant or any other chap in the club. He'll be the champion of the club after that little affair, and I'm betting money on it. Here's my roll! Who wants to bet even money that Hurley won't defeat any one who goes against him at that exhibition?"

The speaker was Andy Jaegles, and he was flashing a package of bank-notes.

"By Jim!" gurgled Obediah Tubbs. "That's rather interesting, ain't it? Wonder whose money it is he's putting up?"

Sturtevant stood quite still, a strange, grim look on his face.

"I'll go you twenty-five," said one of the men with Jaegles; "I'll bet twenty-five even that Hurley is out-pointed by the man who goes against him. I've seen this fellow Hurley and looked him over. He's a big case of bluff."

"Put up your money; put up your money!" palpitated Jaegles. "Skinner will hold it."

The bet was made, and the money posted in the hands of the man called Skinner.

Immediately Sturtevant stepped forward and pushed into the group.

"It strikes me, Mr. Jaegles," he said, "that there's something a bit queer about this business. It doesn't look quite right for a club member and a friend of Joe Hurley to stand around in public places like this, offering to bet money on the result of such a contest."

For a moment Jaegles seemed slightly taken aback. He recovered quickly and forced a laugh.

"Why, it's Sturtevant himself!" he said. "Hello, Sturtevant! why all this thushness? I'm outside the club. I'm not betting in the club."

"I'm aware of that, but it looks bad, and you know it. Evidently you're out seeking bets. Whose money are you putting up?"

Jaegles flushed with indignation.

"That's none of your business!" he retorted. "It's my money, of course."

"Is it?" said Mortimer queerly. "Well, you have a right to bet your own money. I don't suppose Hurley will benefit by it if you win?"

"Certainly not. The suggestion is an insult, Sturtevant! Are you looking for trouble?"

"No, I'm not; but you know, Jaegles, that there has been a question concerning Hurley's eligibility as a straight amateur. Why should he be in such haste after getting into the club to win the championship? What's his business, anyhow? What supports him?"

"He lives on his income. His old man left him a fortune in trust, and he gets five thousand a year."

"He's fortunate," said Mortimer.

"It strikes me that you're frightened," sneered Jaegles. "By your talk I should judge you're thinking of squealing. You don't fancy the idea of going up against Hurley. I'll doubt if you'll have the nerve to face him."

"You're at liberty to doubt anything you choose, sir. If I fail to face him, some one else will take my place. He'll find it interesting enough, I assure you."

At this Jaegles and his companions burst into laughter, and several of them seemed inclined to hint that Sturtevant was frightened. This increased Mortimer's indignation, and he realized he was on the verge of getting into trouble. Dick realized it also, and grasped Sturtevant by the arm, drawing him away.

"What's the use, Mortimer?" he said. "You can't find any satisfaction in picking up trouble with this bunch."

"Oh, let him loose, pard—let him loose!" urged Buckhart. "If they want trouble, I opine we'll stand by him."

Dick's cooler judgment prevailed, however, and they left the hotel.

"More than ever," said Sturtevant, "I'm convinced that this Hurley is not on the level. I believe Jaegles was betting Hurley's money. Of course I haven't any proof of it. Some of those fellows belong to the club. If I had proof that Hurley was tainted with professionalism, I'd go against him and do my best to wallop him. Then I'd expose him and see him kicked out of the club."



## CHAPTER XII.

## AN ENCOUNTER IN CHINATOWN.

After leaving the Cecil, Sturtevant suggested that they should visit Chinatown, and they turned their steps toward Harrison Avenue. In a short time they were seated in a Chinese restaurant, where chop suey and tea were being served.

In this place there were visitors of various sorts and grades. The young men were mostly of the would-be blood character. They were generally callow youths, who smoked cigarettes. Of the opposite sex not a few were sightseers, who, out of curiosity, had accompanied male companions into Chinatown. Some, however, were of a most questionable stamp.

"Waugh!" exclaimed Buckhart, as he surveyed a plate of chop suey with a suspicious eye. "I sure would give a heap to know what this mess is made of. In my day I've masticated almost everything from buffalo meat to boiled dog, but I generally knew what it was, and there was some satisfaction in that."

While they were sitting about the table, half-a-dozen young fellows came stamping boisterously into the room. The leader of the party seemed to be Joe Hurley. Apparently all of them had been drinking.

Suddenly a girl rose from a table in one of the corners and rushed out, uttering an exclamation of joy as she seized Hurley's arm.

"Oh, Tom! Tom!" she cried. "Is it really you? I'm so glad, Tom! Take me away from this place! Take me somewhere—anywhere!"

Hurley started a bit, and then gave her a cold stare. "You've made a mistake, my lady," he said. "My name's not Tom."

"Yes, it is," she retorted positively. "I know you. You are Tom Bedford, my brother."

Hurley laughed coarsely.

"What have you been doing, hitting the pipe?" he asked, in an insolent manner. "Go back to the dope! Have another pill!"

Dick Merriwell's hand fell on Mortimer Sturtevant's wrist.

"This is interesting," he said, in a low tone. "I wonder if the girl is mistaken?"

"She must be," said Sturtevant. "She calls him Bedford."

A look of despair crept over the girl's face. Still she clung to Hurley's arm as she excitedly said:

"Don't deny your own sister, Tom! I know I've not always done right, but you're my brother! I need your protection! I'm out of work! I've got to live! Take me away from here, please do!"

Hurley shrugged his thick shoulders.

"Can't see it that way," he retorted. "You've made a mistake, I tell you. I never saw you before in my life."

"Do you know what you're doing?" she panted. "You've driving me desperate! That man will come! I agreed to meet him here. Be careful what you do, Tom!"

"Oh, buy her a consignment of chop suey and let her go," advised one of Hurley's companions.

"Look here," he said angrily, "you're annoying me! I won't stand for it! I don't like this place, anyhow, fellows. Let's get out. I never could get along with the chinks."

The party turned toward the door.

Involuntarily the girl made one step toward them, her hands extended, and she stood thus until they disappeared and their footsteps died out on the stairs. Then she returned to the table in the corner.

"I'm sorry for her," said Dick. "She's in a bad way, fellows. That girl's desperate. She can't sit still. Look at her! There she goes!"

As if she had suddenly decided to follow the fellow she called brother, the girl sprang up and ran from the room.

Without delay Merriwell paid the bill, and urged his companions to follow him from the restaurant. They descended the stairs and came out upon the street.

Not thirty feet away the strange girl was struggling in the grasp of a man. Several other men stood looking on and laughing brutally.

"Let me go!" cried the girl. "I'm done with you! Yes, I did come to meet you, but I've changed my mind. My brother is near here. He'll see you! If he does, you'll catch it! He's a fighter!"

"Oh, souse your brother!" retorted the man. "Come on, Daisy, we'll go back into the chop-suey shop. You're traveling with me to-night."

"Let me go!" she cried, once more. "You're hurting my wrists!"

She was struggling desperately, but her strength was unavailing against his.

By this time Merriwell had reached them. In a twinkling he clutched the man's wrists, looking him straight in the eyes as he said:

"Let go instantly!"

Then, with a twist, he broke the fellow's hold.

Uttering an exclamation of rage, the man wrenched away from Dick and struck at him. The other men who had been standing near made haste to take part in the affair.

But now Buckhart, Sturtevant, Gardner, and Tubbs pitched in, and in a moment a hot fight was taking place in front of that Chinese restaurant. The boys went at the young toughs with such vigor that the rascals were astounded and dismayed, and soon took flight.

When it was all over, Sturtevant was found leaning against the building, rubbing his left shoulder with his right hand.

"What's the matter?" asked Dick.

"Wrenched that shoulder," answered Mortimer. "Take hold of it and twist it. Get hold of my arm at the elbow. I believe it's out of the socket."

In truth, Sturtevant had thrown his shoulder out of place, but Dick soon twisted it back, although the process robbed Mortimer of his strength and left him weak as a rag.



The girl had disappeared, but when they moved away she suddenly stepped out of a dark doorway and touched Dick's arm.

"I want to thank you," she said, her voice shaking. "It was very kind of you. I shouldn't be alone. I know it."

"That's true," said Dick. "Permit us to escort you to a more respectable locality. Will you take my arm?"

After a moment's hesitation she accepted his arm.

"Who was that young man you called brother in the restaurant?" said Dick.

"He is my brother."

"But you called him by the name of Bedford."

"That's his name."

"He's known in Boston as Hurley."

"I don't care. He is my brother, Tom Bedford. We belong in Pittsburg. I came here to take a position in a store. I couldn't keep it. I'm out of work now. Oh, I know what you must think of me! I suppose Tom had a right to deny that I am his sister."

Suddenly the girl broke down and began to sob.

"Won't you tell me where you live?" asked Dick. "If you really need work, I may find some way of helping you."

"Oh, you can't!" she answered brokenly. "It's no use! I may as well give up!"

"But I want you to tell me more about your brother. What does he do? Has he a fortune?"

"A fortune?" she cried derisively. "Not that I know of. We were always poor. Still, Tom manages to get along. He is clever. I didn't think he'd go back on me entirely!"

Needless to say, Merriwell was doubly determined to learn more about Tom Bedford.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### GETTING HIS JUST DESERTS.

It was the night of the exhibition in the B. A. A. A. In a dressing-room Dick Merriwell was hurriedly changing his clothes for sparring attire. Mortimer Sturtevant stood watching him.

"Sorry I can't go against Hurley," muttered Sturtevant, regretfully. "But that twisted shoulder put me out of it. I know you'll more than fill my place, Merriwell, but I'd like to get at that fellow just the same. The other bouts are pretty near over, aren't they?"

"Yes," nodded Buckhart, who had recently entered the dressing room. "Hurley is waiting out there now, with a big robe round him. They've told him he's to meet Dick instead of you, and he's laughing over it with his chums. The galoot thinks he has a snap. I opine he's due to butt up against the surprise of his life to-night."

At this moment there was a rap on the door, and a small, smooth-faced man entered the room.

"I have a report for you, Merriwell," he said, in a low tone.

"As quick as this?" exclaimed Dick, in surprise and gratification.

"Oh, I told you I didn't think it would take long," nodded the stranger. "I've been doing some wiring to-day. Your man is well known in Pittsburg, and he has a little record in Chicago, too. Is it all right to make my statement before these gentlemen?"

"Sure," answered Dick. "Fellows, this is Mr. Pickering, a private detective from the Pemberton Square Agency. You know I obtained a clue from that girl we ran across in Chinatown. She gave me a lot of facts yesterday after we found her that job through the aid of your father, Sturtevant. With the information obtained from her, I proceeded to the Pemberton Square Agency, and engaged Pickering to look up Hurley's record. Now what have you found out, sir?"

"You were right about him, Merriwell," nodded the private detective. "His name isn't Hurley. It's Bedford. He's not a straight amateur. He fought for a purse before leaving Pittsburg. Four months ago he met Spider Kerns in Chicago, and knocked Kerns out, thereby getting the lion's share of the gate money."

"Are you sure of this? Have you proof?" cried Mortimer Sturtevant.

"We're not in the habit of making mistakes at our office," answered Pickering, with a touch of haughtiness. "I'm sure of my facts. Tom Bedford is a professional. He changed his name to Hurley on coming to Boston. One of his friends has been betting that he would win the championship of his club. It's Hurley's money that has been posted."

"Well, by Jove!" palpitated Mortimer. "I'm going out there and expose him now!"

"Wait a minute," urged Dick. "Let me have something to say about this. That fellow is a contemptible cur! Look at the way he treated his sister! I'd like the satisfaction of meeting him. After we're through, Sturtevant, you may expose him."

A man thrust his head in at the door.

"Dick Merriwell is wanted," he called.

"I'm ready," said Dick.

The gymnasium had been turned into an arena. In the center was a raised platform, properly roped off. All around this platform were seats, rising tier on tier, and those seats were filled with spectators, being members of the club and invited visitors.

As Merriwell was seen coming along an aisle with Buckhart at his heels, the referee climbed into the ring and looked around with a smile at the crowd.

The three men who formed the committee that decided all matches, according to skill shown and points made, had sightly positions at three sides of the ring.

Tom Bedford rose from his seat and cast off the robe. Then he mounted to the ring, accompanied by two seconds.

A moment later Dick Merriwell was in a corner opposite his antagonist to be.

"Gentlemen," said the referee, "this is to be the final



event of the evening. I know you've all been waiting for it with considerable eagerness. A new member of our club, who has been classified in the first division of our boxers by Professor Chambers, has challenged any one of the same division to meet him here to-night. In the first place it was agreed that Mortimer Sturtevant should spar against this new member; but Sturtevant has met with an unfortunate accident, having thrown his shoulder out of the socket, and his physician forbids him to spar."

Bedford showed his teeth in a derisive smile.

"Nevertheless," continued the referee, "you are not to be disappointed, gentlemen. Another new member has volunteered to take Sturtevant's place, and he is here on the platform. First I wish to introduce the challenger, Joseph Hurley."

Hurley rose and bowed, being given a round of applause.

"And this," said the referee, with a motion toward Dick, "is Sturtevant's substitute, Richard Merriwell."

Dick was greeted heartily as he stood up.

After this announcement no time was lost. It had been arranged in advance that five rounds should be fought and the boxers should break clean on the clinches. The gloves were adjusted, and Buckhart gave Dick a last tap on the shoulder as he dropped out of the ring.

Bedford and Merriwell met and touched gloves. It was not a hand-shake, but a mere formal ceremony of politeness.

During the most of the first round the boxers seemed "feeling" of each other. They sparred cautiously, and the spectators grew impatient.

"Come! come!" cried one of the witnesses. "Get at it! There's nothing holding you fellows apart."

Dick was waiting for his antagonist to begin the assault. Finally Hurley decided that he had fathomed Merriwell's style and form, and he came after Dick in earnest. Toward the close of the round there was a bit of lively sparring that made the spectators sit up and take notice, but, on the whole, it was rather tame, neither fellow seeming to have advantage.

"What are you doing, pard?" asked Buckhart, as he vigorously rubbed Dick in the corner.

"I'm waiting for him to open up," was the answer. "I think he'll begin the next round with a rush. If he holds off, I'll go after him."

Dick was right in fancying Bedford would begin the second round with a rush. The fellow came out of his corner at the clanging of the gong and met Merriwell more than two-thirds of the way across the ring. In a twinkling they were at it, and their movements were so rapid that few of the spectators could follow everything that happened. Bedford had science, and he displayed it to the full extent in his effort to outpoint Dick. He found, however, that Merriwell was clever on the defense, and that he constantly watched for an opening, never failing to take advantage of one when he saw it. At first it seemed that Bedford was getting the advantage, but, before the round

was half over, the spectators realized it was Merriwell who had delivered the cleverest and most effective blows. Bedford seemed to comprehend this, and it angered him a trifle.

"Oh, you're pretty good, aren't you?" he sneered. "You're pretty clever for an amateur!"

"And you're pretty rotten for a professional!" retorted Dick, in the same low tone.

"A professional?" muttered the other fellow.

"That's right, Tom Bedford—a professional! I know your name and your record."

This seemed to infuriate the fellow, for he went after Dick like a cyclone, but one second before the gong clanged Merriwell stopped him in his tracks with a blow to the pit of the stomach. Bedford's hands dropped, and Dick might have ended the bout had he seen fit to follow up with another blow. Instead of doing so, he waited for the gong.

There was a great hum of voices when the round was over. The spectators were no longer disappointed and dissatisfied.

Bedford lay back on the ropes, while one of his seconds fanned him and the other vigorously rubbed him down.

Dick seemed not at all winded and smiled at Buckhart's approving words.

"You made one mistake though, pard," muttered the Texan. "You could have finished him. You had him finished if you'd soaked him on the jaw."

"I'm here to outpoint him, not to knock him out," said Dick. "The knock-out blow will be the exposure which will follow this match."

Clang! sounded the gong.

Hurley had recovered astonishingly, and once more he came across the platform with a rush.

"Oh, you think you're some!" he grated, as Dick met him and stopped him. "I'll show you before this round is over!"

Ten seconds later Hurley was compelled to clinch, Dick having driven him into a corner.

The referee forced them to break, quickly stepping back as they seemed to relinquish their holds.

At this point happened one of the things which always arouses the indignation of all admirers of square boxing. Instead of breaking clean, Bedford swung his right fist low and struck Merriwell in the groin. Instantly the fellow followed this treacherous blow with a wallop on Dick's jaw, sending him onto the ropes.

"Foul! foul!" cried the excited spectators.

Brad Buckhart seemed on the point of climbing into the ring. He believed Dick had been knocked out.

For a moment things swam around Merriwell. The platform beneath him seemed whirling slowly with the motion of a top, and there was a haze before his eyes. He knew he had been hit foul, and the knowledge brought him a sort of determination not to succumb. The spectators saw him grasp the ropes and lift himself slowly. In a moment he was on his feet, brushing the back of his left glove across his eyes.



Bedford stood waiting, with his hands lowered at his sides.

The referee stepped between them, but Merriwell reached him and whispered:

"Don't forfeit to me on that foul! I'm all right. Let it go."

He stepped past the referee and met Bedford, who faced the attack with no little surprise.

And now Dick Merriwell's jaw was set and squared. His dark eyes gleamed, and the expression on his face told those who knew him of the excitement which he held suppressed in his heart. Bedford couldn't fathom the cyclonic attack of the dark-eyed youth. Merriwell penetrated his antagonist's guard and smote him right and left.

The audience rose to its feet with roars of approval.

"Smash him, Merriwell!" they cried. "He hit you foul! Put him out! put him out!"

Dick's one fear was that the referee would stop it, for finish fights were seldom allowed in the club.

Bedford was actually swept off his feet. He defended himself as best he could, but a jolt on the chin seemed to muddle him.

"That is one for the foul blow you gave me!" hissed Dick, as he landed a solar-plexus jolt that caused Bedford's knees to weaken. "And this is one for your sister!" added Merriwell, as he swung with terrific force on the fellow's jaw.

And Bedford was down and out. They threw water on him. In the midst of it, while the crowd was cheering for Merriwell, Clinton Hall, the manager of the club, sprang into the ring and held up his hand.

"Gentlemen," he cried, as soon as they were silent, "on information received through Cyrus Pickering, a detective, I wish to announce that one of the participants in this bout is a recognized professional! Wait a moment," he urged, as there was a sudden muttering. "Mr. Pickering has the proof, and my words can be substantiated. The person known as Joe Hurley is really Tom Bedford, of Pittsburg, who met Spider Kerns in Chicago for a purse. This being the case, a formal charge against Bedford will be made, and the club will take the matter up."

"Hooray for Dick Merriwell!" shouted a voice. "Hurley or Bedford, amateur or professional, he got his medicine to-night, and he deserved it! Hooray for Merriwell!"

"Hooray for Merriwell!" roared the crowd.

THE END.

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Diamond Hand-Book	No. 6.	10c.
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Frank Merriwell's First Job.	Medal No. 284.	10c.
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Frank Merriwell's Fortune.	Medal No. 320.	10c.
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Frank Merriwell's Problem.	Medal No. 316.	10c.
Frank Merriwell's Prosperity.	Medal No. 328.	10c.
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Frank Merriwell's Races.	Medal No. 213.	10c.
Frank Merriwell's Return to Yale.	Medal No. 244.	10c.
Frank Merriwell's School-Days.	Medal No. 150.	10c.
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Frank Merriwell's Skill.	Medal No. 237.	10c.
Frank Merriwell's Sports Afield.	Medal No. 209.	10c.
Frank Merriwell's Stage Hit.	Medal No. 332.	10c.
Frank Merriwell's Struggle.	Medal No. 280.	10c.
Frank Merriwell's Trip West.	Medal No. 184.	10c.
Frank Merriwell's Vacation.	Medal No. 262.	10c.



**BOYS!**

**BOYS!**

**BOYS!**

# **TIP TOP**

## **FREE POST CARDS!**

**A**T the present time over one hundred thousand copies of "TIP TOP" are sold throughout the United States every week! There are many good reasons why boys like "TIP TOP" better than any other five cent weekly publication. Why do YOU like it?

We have prepared a set of six handsome post cards, which we will send to every boy who will write and give us his opinion of "TIP TOP."

These cards are illustrations of Frank Merriwell, Brad Buckhart, Obediah Tubbs, Joe Crowfoot, Dick Merriwell, and Cap'n Wiley.

They are printed in many colors and will be a fine addition to any boy's collection of post cards. Write now. They are free.

**FRANK  
MERRIWELL**

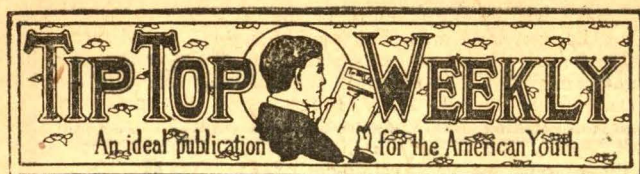


**STREET & SMITH**

**PUBLISHERS**

**NEW YORK**





NEW YORK, January 27, 1906.

**TERMS TO TIP TOP WEEKLY MAIL SUBSCRIBERS.**

(Postage Free.)

Single Copies or Back Numbers, 5c. Each.

3 months.....	65c.	One year.....	\$2.50
4 months.....	85c.	2 copies one year.....	4.00
6 months.....	\$1.25	1 copy two years.....	4.00

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**Receipts**—Receipt of your remittance is acknowledged by proper change of number on your label. If not correct you have not been properly credited, and should let us know at once.

**STREET & SMITH'S TIP TOP WEEKLY,**  
79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

**TIP TOP ROLL OF HONOR.**

Following the suggestion of Mr. Burt L. Standish, that appeared in his letter to Tip Top readers in No. 480, the following loyal Tip Toppers have won for themselves a place on our Honor Roll for their efforts to increase the circulation of the King of Weeklies. Get in line boys and girls and strive to have your name at the head of the list.

William Alkire, 295 Laurel St., Bridgeton, N. J.

Z. T. Layfield, Jr., Montgomery, Ala.

J. G. Byrum, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Wm. Schwartz, New York City.

Edw. W. Pritner, Curesville, Pa.

H. D. Morgan, Indianapolis, Ind.

Wm. A. Cottrell, Honolulu, H. I.

J. (Pop) H., Birmingham, Ala.

Roy R. Ball, 902 Olive Street, Texarkana.

Fred F. Blake, 1512 E. 10 St., Kansas City, Mo.

The names of other enthusiastic Tip Toppers will be added from time to time. Send in the result of your efforts to push the circulation of your favorite weekly and win a place on the Roll of Honor.

**APPLAUSE.**

Owing to the number of letters received, the editors of Tip Top cannot undertake to secure their publication under six weeks. Those who contribute to this department must not expect to see them before that time.

I am a constant girl reader and admirer of Tip Top. Have been reading Tip Top since Dick first appeared, and, with thousands of others, think it has no equal. Also like to read the letters in the Applause column. Think some of them are real interesting. It shows what stanch admirers Tip Top has. My hero and favorite is kind, noble Dick; then Frank. I think he is fine. Brad is all right, and just the best friend for Dick. I also like Hal Darrell, and hope he will be a close friend of Dick. Ted Smart is just as cute as can be, and is one of my especial favorites. Then Obed, Earl, Flint, Barron and the rest of the flock. I have nothing but contempt for Chet, as I don't think he has any good in him whatever or he would certainly have reformed after Dick gave him so many chances, and was glad to read, in last week's Tip Top, where he was expelled. I think June is a sweet, noble girl, and I feel sorry for her; but Doris—dear, noble, gentle Doris—is my favorite, and will

be to the end. Think the Dorisites should wake up and defend Queen Doris, the best girl of all. I think the correspondence club a fine idea, and if any of the readers care to correspond with me and will put their address in the Applause column, will write them. Would also like to exchange postals with any of the readers, as I am getting a collection. With three cheers for Burt L. Standish, and hoping this will escape the waste-basket, I remain, an ardent admirer of Tip Top and a Doris defender,  
BLUE-EYED "NIG."  
Danville, Va.

This charming letter from one of Virginia's fairest daughters will probably be read with a great deal of interest by our readers. Though she uses a *nom de plume* that does not do justice to a girl who can write so gracefully, we feel sure that she must be quite fascinating. We welcome you to the pages of Tip Top with the other girl admirers of the Merriwells.

Having read all of the numbers of your interesting weekly from No. 1 to date, I thought I would write you a few short lines of praise and appreciation for giving to the American public such a valuable sheet. I am a traveling man, and in the way of seeing the country have run across and read numerous weeklies, but, truthfully and not flatteringly, must state that your Tip Top has 'em all beat, in my estimation, for good, down-to-date reading.

To put my opinion of Tip Top in a nutshell, I think "it is in a field by itself." There are several publications in a way similar to Tip Top, but none of them so good, if my opinion is worth anything, and I've read 'em all. I happened to be in a town where Tip Top was not obtainable, and missed the number where Dick and Brad return to Fardale. Enclosed herewith you will find stamps to cover cost and postage of same. Mail to address given below.

RALPH W. SCOTT.

Jackson, Ohio.

A merry knight of the sample-case writes in a spirit of sincere admiration of the Tip Top WEEKLY. After a hard day's travel he sits down by the cheerful fire in his hotel and helps Dick Merriwell to fight his battles. Our friend evidently thinks that there is no publication like his favorite Tip Top.

I have read your famous king of weeklies from No. 1 to the latest, and I never get tired of reading them. My father and mother and brothers read them, and think they are the best books that have ever been on the market. My mother likes Frank and Bart the best, but I like Dick and Brad the best. I am glad Frank and Inza are married, for Inza will make him a loving wife. Am so sorry Elsie and Bart didn't get married. Well, of Dick's set of friends, I like Ted Smart and Brad and Barron Black. I am glad Chester A. got his walking-papers. The school will be better off. I don't think Tip Top will hurt any one. I used to go with a religious boy, and I loaned him a Tip Top and he read it. His mother got awful mad at me. I begged her to read one, and she read No. 300 and has been a Tip Topper ever since, and can't hardly wait till they come out. Every boy friend I have I get him to read Tip Top. They won't read anything else. I like the *Brave and Bold* weeklies. Well, I will ring off, hoping this will miss the waste-basket,

ANNIE MAY TRAVERS.

Chattanooga, Tenn.

Your friend's mother became a believer in Tip Top as the only boys' paper, because the moment she read it she saw that the stories were clean and elevating. There have been so many questionable papers placed in the hands of young men by unscrupulous publishers that parents rejoice when they find that there is at least one library that they can allow their children to read, the Tip Top WEEKLY.

Not having seen many letters lately from the Smoky City, I thought I would let you know that we are still alive. Although being a reader of your wonderful Tip Top for about three years, this is my first Applause letter.

The first book I read was given to me by one of my comrades, who said: "Here, Mack, read this; it beats all your other books." I told him to lay down and die, but he forced me at last to read it, and afterward, when I was through, I



agreed with him, saying it was the greatest book ever published. Afterward we formed a club, consisting of ten members, and every time a TIP TOP comes out, I read it and pass it on to next.

I would like to correspond with a few friends of the TIP TOP and try to form a big TIP TOP correspondence club.

Hoping that TIP TOP may be read by every boy, and a long life to Burt L. Standish and Street & Smith, I am, yours,  
4906 Dauphin Street, Pittsburg, Pa. HARRY MCCLUNE.

We thank you for your efforts in forming a TIP TOP club and inducing new readers to join. Their experience was like yours. After reading one number they became enthusiastic TIP Toppers at once.

—  
This is my first attempt at writing to the Applause, so I will now take a hand.

I like Frank and all his friends, and I am glad that he has become spliced to Inza.

Bart Hodge is one of the best characters in the TIP TOP.

I like Dick and Brad Buckhart, and another person in the TIP TOP I like is Horace Logan.

Would it cost any more to send a paper to Alaska than to any part of the United States?

Burt L. must have his hands full, writing TIP TOPS all the time. I wish they were longer.

If any of the TIP Toppers will write to me I will answer right away. My address is below.

Three cheers for Burt L. Standish and Street & Smith.

Box 803, Livermore, Cal. EDWIN OSTERHOUT.

It does not cost any more to send mail to Alaska than any other part of the United States.

—  
I have been a reader of the TIP TOP WEEKLY for six years, and think it is the best weekly in circulation. I did not see any letters from our city, so I take the liberty to write you.

I will not say anything about the marriage question, as I think that ought to be left to Frank and Dick.

I must now express my opinion of the characters. I think Frank the best of the lot. Then comes Dick, Brad, Hodge, Browning, Dunnerwurst, Stretcher, Diamond and all the rest. Of the girls, I like Inza best, then Elsie and June.

I must now close, first giving three rousing cheers for Burt L. S. and S. & S., and hoping that this will escape that horrid waste-basket. Can I get a TIP TOP League badge if I send in the money and coupons? MATTHAN GERY.  
Reading, Pa.

A TIP TOP League badge will be mailed you upon receipt of ten cents.

—  
I have a suggestion to make which, although it might not meet with the approval of some of the readers, would perhaps in time prove a jolly proposition. Why could not a secret code prove of use to readers who wish to correspond on postal cards, and who do not want a third person—not a reader—know the drift of their message? Some reader could suggest a suitable code which, with a little study, would make a hit. Maybe some other reader would want to compete. Then why not—if Street & Smith and Burt L. are willing—let the publishers be the judges as to which code or name for the aforesaid correspondence club should be used? There are many readers who would sanction this “impertinent” (?)—if it can be called such—suggestion, I am sure. Many readers in this town whom I have induced to buy TIP TOP, say that they will do all in their power to make the thing a success. I suppose, however, that I should not try to suggest anything, as it might make some readers hot under the collar to think of my presumption, and coming from an inconsequential reader in an inconsequential little island in the mid-Pacific.

Well, enough of that. Let the readers take this into their hands and not deal too harshly with an “old reader.” I remain, sincerely yours,  
1260 Peterson Lane, Honolulu, Hawaii. WILLIAM A. COTTRELL.

The suggestion you make is a good one, and may meet with the approval of some of our readers. We present the idea before them and invite their cooperation. If you can make up a simple, practical code, send it in, and later on we will publish the best one for the use of our readers.

I have written once before to the Applause column, but my letter has not been answered, so I thought I would write again. I have read your king of weeklies some time, and I think it rightly named. It is certainly tip-top. My favorites are Dick, Frank, Hal Darrell, Bart Hodge, Brad Buckhart, and Ted Smart. Wishing good luck to Street & Smith, Burt L. Standish and readers of TIP TOP, I remain, a TIP TOP admirer forever.

Please send me your catalogue of TIP TOP.  
Centerville, Mass.

FRED L. WEST.

We will be pleased to mail you a catalogue of our publications.

O sweet assauser of my woes  
What joy I find in thee;  
What glad delights do you disclose,  
O sweet assauser of my woes.  
Thy every issue overflows  
With pleasures dear to me.  
O sweet assauser of my woes  
What joy I find in thee.

To soul-enchancing bliss thou art  
An open sesame;  
Beneath thy spell our cares depart.  
O sweet enchanter that thou art  
The world can show no counterpart  
In all its history.  
To soul-enchancing bliss thou art  
An open sesame.

Thy cause—the cause we love so well—  
Our shibboleth shall be.  
In manner that no pen can tell  
Thy cause—the cause we love so well—  
Around us weaves a magic spell  
That binds our hearts to thee.  
Thy cause—the cause we love so well—  
Our shibboleth shall be.

New York City.

ARCHER.

Who would ask for a more graceful tribute than this? Our friend's poetry has some of the “divine fire.”

—  
I have written once before to TIP TOP, and you were kind enough to ask me to write again. I am not going to write of the characters, because, as I am a loyal reader, I love them all, especially Dick, June, Bart, Elsie, and Dave. Reader, did it ever occur to you that when we praise the characters of TIP TOP we in reality praise Mr. Standish? This is what I am trying to do in this letter. But how? How can I put in words the esteem that I feel for Burt L.? As my lips try to frame words that will express the admiration I feel in my heart, 'it seems as if I were chasing a phantom that each moment slips farther from the hand I extend to grasp it with. That feeling will dwell forever in my heart, but as story after story is read and put aside, it will grow until I doubt if the pen of even our mighty Burt L. could express it. Oh! for the eloquence of Cicero, that I might fitly praise our dear writer. As each week the plot is laid in a different clime and the characters do so many different things, I begin to wonder if there is any country, sport, or amusement in this old world of ours with which Mr. Standish is not acquainted. The variety of the stories of TIP TOP is perfectly marvelous. Did the thought ever enter the mind of any of the readers that the noble heart and pure, upright soul with which Mr. Standish endows his heroes are but the qualities which he himself has doubtless succeeded in cultivating? The more that I want to say, but my letter is so long now I fear it will not be published. I know the readers will think, from my letter, that I am a prim old maid, but I'm not. I'm only sixteen, and that's far from an old maid.

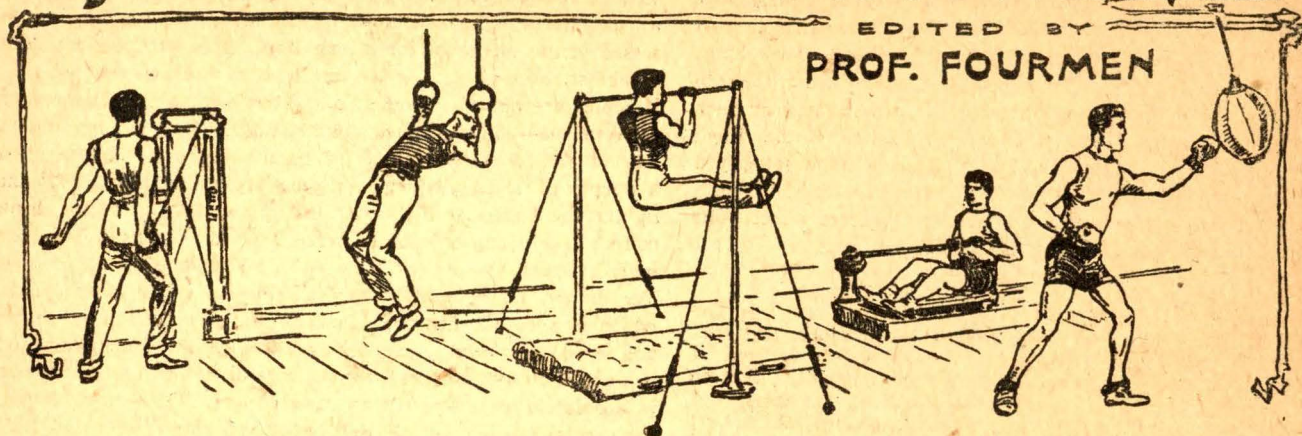
Wishing all concerned with TIP TOP a long and happy life, I remain, a TIP Topper “forever and a day,” and  
“A MISSOURI GIRL.”

This is a well-written letter, and shows that the writer is, indeed, a loyal reader of TIP TOP. She pays a pretty compliment to the author, whose stories have afforded her so much pleasure. And then she speaks so enthusiastically of all the characters. With a girl's keen perception and ability to judge people, she has instinctively recognized the manly, noble qualities in our heroes, and admires them for what they represent.



# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

EDITED BY  
PROF. FOURMEN



PROF. FOURMEN: Having been a reader of TIP TOP for some time, I thought I would take advantage of your kindness by asking a few questions. I am 18 years old and weigh 138 pounds. My measurements are: Height, 5 feet  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches; biceps, expanded, left arm,  $10\frac{3}{4}$  inches; right, 11 inches; forearm, left, 9 inches; right,  $9\frac{3}{4}$  inches; chest, normal, 34 inches; expanded,  $35\frac{1}{2}$  inches; waist, 30 inches; neck,  $15\frac{5}{8}$  inches. What are my weak points, and what exercises should I use to improve them? Does my weight correspond with my height? How can I obtain a list of the United States army exercises? Thanking you in advance, I remain,  
JOHN R. BOWEN.  
Union Hill, N. J.

You lack weight and need chest development. Punching the bag and deep breathing will improve your wind. We issue a revised edition of the United States army exercises, and will send a copy for fourteen cents, post-paid.

PROF. FOURMEN: Having read the TIP TOP for three years, I have taken the liberty to ask you some questions. My age is 17 years 1 month; height, 5 feet  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches; waist, 29 inches; chest, contracted, 31 inches; normal, 32 inches; expanded, 35 inches; weight, 119 pounds; neck, 13 inches; across the shoulders,  $15\frac{3}{4}$  inches; biceps, normal, 9 inches; flexed,  $10\frac{3}{4}$  inches; wrists, left,  $6\frac{3}{4}$  inches; right,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches; calves, right,  $12\frac{3}{4}$  inches; left,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  inches; thighs, 19 inches; ankles,  $10\frac{1}{4}$  inches. I do not drink tea or coffee and do not use tobacco in any form. Thanking you in advance for answering these questions, as I feel sure that you will. 1. What are my strong and weak points? 2. Is exercising in the morning with dumb-bells and Indian clubs, and punching the bag, good? 3. Please tell me the prices of a Whittely exerciser, as I wish to get one?  
Philadelphia, Pa. A QUAKER LAD.

1. You are slightly underweight, but your measurements are good, on the whole.

2. Yes.

3. A. G. Spalding & Co. has them from one dollar and fifty cents to five dollars.

PROF. FOURMEN: I have been a constant reader of TIP TOP for a long while, and take the liberty of asking you a few questions. The following are my measurements: My age is 14 years; height, 4 feet 10 inches; weight, 107 pounds; chest, normal, 32 inches; expanded, 35 inches; waist, 32 inches; hips, 34 inches; neck, 13 inches; biceps, 14 inches; calves, 13 inches; wrist,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches; forearm, 10 inches. What are my weak points? Am I too heavy? I take cold baths in the morning. Are they good? I belong to the Y. M. C. A., and have the use of every device for developing myself. Please tell me the ones that will do me the most good. I will close now, thanking you in advance. I remain, a firm supporter of TIP TOP and Street & Smith, yours truly,  
A WESTERN BOY.  
Winnipeg.

You are well built for your age. You are too heavy, if anything. You are fortunate in being so situated that you have the use of a well-equipped gymnasium. All the apparatus will do you good, though, of course, certain ones are better than others

for particular exercises for developing certain parts of the body. As you failed to state what muscles you had in mind, it is impossible to give you definite information on just the one thing you wish to know.

PROF. FOURMEN: As a reader of TIP TOP, I think I have a right to ask a few questions. My measurements are: Age, 13 years 9 months; height, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 92 pounds; biceps, 10 inches; calves, 12 inches; ankles,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches; wrist,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches; right thigh,  $18\frac{1}{2}$  inches; length of right arm,  $26\frac{1}{2}$  inches; waist,  $30\frac{1}{2}$  inches; across shoulders,  $15\frac{1}{2}$  inches; chest,  $30\frac{1}{2}$  inches; neck, 12 inches; size of right arm below elbow, 9 inches. 1. How are my measurements? 2. What are my weak points? 3. What are my strong points? 4. Do I weigh enough? 5. Can I become an athlete? 6. What is good for knock-knees? Hoping to see this in print, I remain,  
Piedmont, W. Va. "DICK MERRIWELL, JR."

You lack ten pounds in weight, and, of course, have not normal measurements. But you have a number of years in which to get your growth, and will fill out before long. When you have obtained your growth, there is no reason that, with proper training, you could not become an athlete. Artificial supports worn on the legs are the only things that will aid a knock-kneed person. There is no system of physical culture which will render a cure.

PROF. FOURMEN: Would you kindly answer a few questions in regard to my measurements, etc.? Height, 5 feet 3 inches; weight, 140 pounds; age, 17 years; neck, 14 inches; chest, normal, 36 inches; waist, 33 inches; hips, 36 inches; thighs, 18 inches; calves, 14 inches; forearm, 10 inches; ankles, 9 inches. 1. Do you think I am too heavy for my height? 2. What exercise is best for arms and chest? Yours truly,  
Pittsburg, Pa. B. ARNOLD.

1. Yes, by several pounds.

2. Bag-punching and pulley weights.

PROF. FOURMEN: I would like your opinion of my measurements. Weight, 107 pounds; height, 5 feet 4 inches; age, 14 years 2 months; chest, normal, 31 inches; contracted,  $29\frac{1}{2}$  inches; expanded,  $34\frac{1}{2}$  inches; waist,  $28\frac{1}{2}$  inches; biceps,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  inches; neck,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  inches; thigh,  $18\frac{1}{2}$  inches; calf,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  inches; forearm,  $9\frac{1}{4}$  inches. I would like to be a catcher. Bart is a "beaut." Takes a pretty good man to steal on him. 1. How are my measurements? 2. What are my weak points, and what should I do to cure them? 3. What are my strong points? My wind is good, but I have a pain in left side. 4. What do you think is the trouble? Is jumping good exercise? I am laughed at because I do not smoke, but I try to act the way Frank did. Thanking you in advance, I remain,  
AN ADMIRER OF FRANK AND BART.

You are lacking in weight, and should exercise to develop the calves, waist, and thighs. Your wind is good for a person who is so lacking in other measurements. The pain in your side does not deserve serious consideration, unless it gets so that it interferes



with your breathing. Jumping is a very good exercise. Indulge in it all you can. Never mind if a few thoughtless boys laugh because you do not smoke. You have the satisfaction of knowing that you are free from a vice that means weak lungs and general debility, for those who persist in using the obnoxious weed. You can well afford to let others laugh in such a case, when you are taking care of your health. If they don't care about their own, and look upon it as a huge joke, you can't help that. I am glad to hear that you have so much self-respect and will-power as to not let their sneers affect your present determination to avoid a dirty, filthy habit.

PROF. FOURMEN: I am a constant reader of the TIP TOP WEEKLY, and I like to see your answers to questions, and so I thought I would kindly ask you to answer a few for me. I am 14 years 4 months old; weight, 81 pounds; height, 4 feet 10 inches; neck, 12 inches; calves, 13½ inches; forearms, 9½ and 9¼ inches; chest, normal, 26 inches; expanded, 28 inches; wrist, 6 inches; waist, 25 inches; hips, 26 inches; thighs, 14½ inches; ankles, 8½ inches. I do not know my weak points, so would you kindly tell me what they are and how to strengthen them? And oblige, yours respectfully,  
WM. F. LAHNER.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

You have no weak points just as present that I can discover.

PROF. FOURMEN: Being a constant reader of TIP TOP, I take the liberty of asking you a few questions, which I sincerely hope you will answer. I am nearly 16 years old and weigh only about 90 pounds, and am 5 feet 3 inches tall. I was in good health and was something of an athlete, but now I am thin and sallow-complexioned. Every morning, upon arising, my tongue is heavily coated and covered with liver-spots. What should I do for this? After eating, my heart beats rather rapidly and loudly, especially in the summer time, and I have to sit down and rest for over an hour before it beats regularly again. And also when I stoop down, immediately after eating, my heart thumps loudly and I get quite dizzy. What is the cause of this, and what should I do for it? When I take a deep breath and hold it in for a few moments, something seems to press down in my chest, and I feel dizzy and a blur comes before my eyes, just as if I am going to faint. Why is this, and what should I do for it? Hoping to soon see this letter in TIP TOP, and thanking you in advance, I am, yours respectfully,

AN ARDENT TIP TOPPER.

Your letter indicates that you live too much indoors. Probably your general habits have a great deal to do with your condition. People of sedentary occupations do not get as much exercise as they should, and they have a tendency to eat more than is necessary to repair the waste of the tissues. Neglect to observe caution in eating, and a life indoors without the proper amount of exercise, has run down your system. Simple and regular habits should bring back your good health. It is needless for me to say that you must give up smoking, if you are a smoker, as that is probably at the bottom of your heart trouble. Learn to eat abstemiously. Stuffing your stomach with food till there is an uncomfortable feeling of fulness you should avoid. Don't keep eating to gratify the palate, because the food tastes good. You won't want to do this, anyway, if highly spiced dishes are excluded from your menu. Eat only the plain, home-made dishes and give up all forms of pastry. When you feel the need of dessert and crave a little sweet, take a dish of stewed fruits, or, better yet, eat whatever fresh fruits that might be in market at the time. Apples have more medicinal properties than most other fruits. I know of an old man who is hale and hearty at eighty-five, and looks twenty years younger. He has never been sick a day, and attributes his good health solely to the fact that he has always eaten apples before breakfast and before going to bed. Of course, I can't say that the old man's view of his own condition is the real explanation, but I do not doubt that the regular eating of apples is very bene-

ficial. Of late years, the popularity of baked apples in the various restaurants throughout the country shows that people, as a rule, have found out that the common, despised apple possessed virtue unknown for a long time. You should eat a light breakfast, beginning it with some kind of fruit, stewed prunes, if apples are out of season. Follow this with a dish of oatmeal or Whetena—do not punish your stomach by cramming it with any of the so-called predigested breakfast foods—and then eat a couple of soft-boiled eggs, if you are still hungry. But the lighter the breakfast the better off you will be. Do not drink coffee; take a cup of coco or cereal coffee. At lunch, eat sparingly of meat, and let the meal consist principally of vegetables. For dinner, let your soup be vegetable, so as to avoid grease, which is very bad for the stomach. Eat whatever meat dishes are served, providing that they are not of the fancy kind and deluged with rich sauces; but be careful not to eat more than is absolutely necessary to appease hunger. Of course, fattening vegetables, like potatoes and beans, you should eat plentifully. When it comes to dessert, eat fruit; but, for a change, eat a custard or rice pudding. Simple dessert like this will not do you any harm, when taken only once in awhile, but do not let your liking for puddings and pastry extend to pie and other deadly concoctions. One important thing to remember is to eat bread made from graham flour instead of white flour. All of the muscle-making properties of wheat are found in the part of the wheat which the miller considers unfit for bread-making. Because bread is white and looks good, it doesn't follow that it is wholesome. Eat all the rye or graham bread at meal-time that you want to, but do not touch white bread. Make a practice of getting out in the open air before breakfast every morning, even if it is only for ten or fifteen minutes. At present, let your exercise consist of nothing but long, brisk walks along country roads. Do not try to walk any given distance; keep on till you feel tired. Play lawn-tennis all you can. Keep at it until you feel tired and then stop. It will probably take a few months for you to regain your normal health, but it can be done if you persevere. Write me later on, so that I may know how you are getting on.

PROF. FOURMEN: Being a constant reader of the TIP TOP WEEKLY, I take the liberty of asking you a few questions. My measurements are: Age, 15 years 10 months; height, 5 feet 2 inches; weight, 95½ pounds; chest, normal, 28 inches; expanded, 31 inches; neck, 12 inches; biceps, 10 inches; forearm, 9½ inches; thigh, 17 inches; waist, 24 inches; calves, 13 inches; wrist, 6¼ inches; ankle, 8¼ inches. 1. How are my measurements? 2. What are my weak points? How can they be remedied? 3. What are my strong points, if any? 4. Are Nos. 1, 277, and 456 of TIP TOP in print? 5. Are buckwheat cakes a healthy breakfast food? Yours respectfully,  
R. E. CHAPMAN.  
McLeansboro, Ill.

You need a general course of training in a well-equipped gymnasium. You are sadly deficient in weight, but then you are growing and will probably take on several pounds in the next two or three years. The stories of Frank Merriwell appearing in issues of TIP TOP earlier than No. 314 can be obtained only in the Medal Library. These will be sent you upon receipt of price, ten cents, for each number. There is an additional charge of four cents to cover postage. Buckwheat cakes are good if you do not eat them with syrup and allow your breakfast to consist of nothing else.

## "GOLDEN HOURS."

Boys, have you any old numbers of Golden Hours? If so, see what numbers are among them and write me, stating price. I will pay liberally to complete my files. Address WILLIAMS, Station "O," Box 24, New York City.



# TIP TOP WEEKLY

## CAUTION!

All readers of the Renowned Tip Top stories should beware of base imitations, placed upon the market under catch names very similar to Frank Merriwell, and intended to deceive.

- 472—Frank Merriwell's Handicap; or, Hastings, The Hurdler from Humboldt.  
473—Frank Merriwell's Red Challengers; or, The Hot Game with the Nebraska Indians.  
474—Frank Merriwell's Fencing; or, For Sport or For Blood.  
475—Frank Merriwell's Backer; or, Playing Baseball for a Fortune.  
476—Frank Merriwell's Endurance; or, The Cross-Country Champions of America.  
477—Frank Merriwell in Form; or, Wolfers, the Wonder from Wisconsin.  
478—Frank Merriwell's Method; or, The Secret of Becoming a Champion.  
479—Frank Merriwell's Level Best; or, Cutting the Corners with a New Curve.  
480—Frank Merriwell's Lacrosse Team; or, The Great Hustle with Johns Hopkins.  
481—Frank Merriwell's Great Day; or, The Crowning Triumph of His Career.  
482—Dick Merriwell in Japan; or, Judo Art Against Jiu-Jitsu.  
483—Dick Merriwell on the Rubber; or, Playing Baseball in the Flowery Kingdom.  
484—Dick Merriwell's Cleverness; or, Showing the Japs the American Game.  
485—Dick Merriwell in Manila; or, Papinta, the Pride of the Philippines.  
486—Dick Merriwell Marooned; or, The Queen of Fire Island.  
487—Dick Merriwell's Comrade; or, The Treasure of the Island.  
488—Dick Merriwell, Gap-Stopper; or, A Surprise for the Surprisers.  
489—Dick Merriwell's Sacrifice Hit; or, Winning by a Hair's Breadth.  
490—Dick Merriwell's Support; or, Backed Up When Getting His Bumps.  
491—Dick Merriwell's Stroke; or, Swimming for His Life.  
492—Dick Merriwell Shadowed; or, The Search for the Lost Professor.  
493—Dick Merriwell's Drive; or, Evening Up with His Enemy.  
494—Dick Merriwell's Return; or, The Reappearance at Fardale.  
495—Dick Merriwell's Restoration; or, Whipping the Team into Shape.  
496—Dick Merriwell's Value; or, The Success of Square Sport.  
497—Dick Merriwell's "Dukes"; or, His Fight with Himself.  
498—Dick Merriwell's Drop-Kick; or, Chester Arlington's Team of Tigers.  
499—Dick Merriwell's Defeat; or, How Arlington Won the Second Game.  
500—Dick Merriwell's Chance; or, Taming the Tigers of Fairport.  
501—Dick Merriwell's Stride; or, The Finish of the Cross Country Run.  
502—Dick Merriwell's Wing-Shift; or, The Great Thanksgiving Day Game.  
503—Dick Merriwell's Skates; or, Playing Ice Hockey for Every Point.  
504—Dick Merriwell's Four Fists; or, The Champion of the Chanson.  
505—Dick Merriwell's Dashing Game; or, The Fast Five from Fairport.  
506—Frank Merriwell's Tigers; or, Wiping Out the Railroad Wolves.  
507—Frank Merriwell's Treasure Guard; or, The Defenders of the Pay Train.  
508—Frank Merriwell's Flying Fear; or, The Ghost of the Yaqui.  
509—Dick Merriwell in Maine; or, Sport and Peril in the Winter Woods.  
510—Dick Merriwell's Polo Team; or, The Rattlers of the Roller Rink.  
511—Dick Merriwell in the Ring; or, The Champion of His Class.  
512—Frank Merriwell's New Idea; or, The American School of Athletic Development.  
513—Frank Merriwell's Troubles; or, Enemies in the Fold.

Back numbers may be had from all newsdealers or will be sent, postpaid, by the publishers upon receipt of price

**5 CENTS**

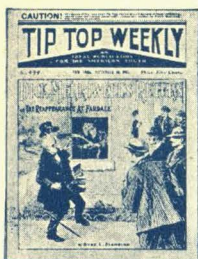
**STREET & SMITH**

**PUBLISHERS**

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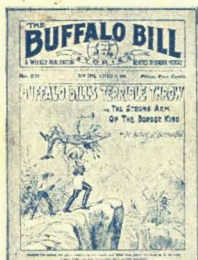
# THE FAVORITE LIST OF FIVE-CENT LIBRARIES



## TIP TOP WEEKLY

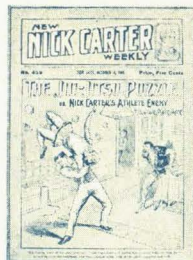
Frank and Dick Merriwell are two brothers whose adventures in college and on the athletic field are of intense interest to the American boy of to-day. They prove that a boy does not have to be a rowdy to have exciting sport

### Buffalo Bill Stories



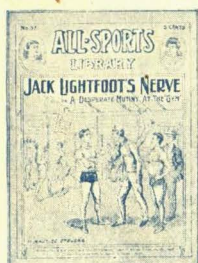
Buffalo Bill is the hero of a thousand exciting adventures among the Redskins. These are given to our boys only in the Buffalo Bill Stories. They are bound to interest and please you.

### Nick Carter Weekly



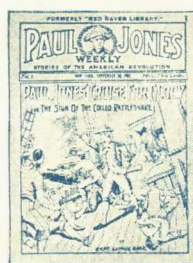
We know, boys, that there is no need of introducing to you Nicholas Carter, the greatest sleuth that ever lived. Every number containing the adventures of Nick Carter has a peculiar, but delightful, power of fascination.

### All-Sports Library



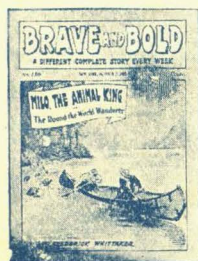
All sports that boys are interested in, are carefully dealt with in the All-Sports Library. The stories deal with the adventures of plucky lads while indulging in healthy pastimes.

### Paul Jones Weekly



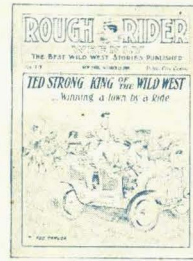
Do not think for a second, boys, that these stories are a lot of musty history, just sugar-coated. They are all new tales of exciting adventure on land and sea, in all of which boys of your own age took part.

### Brave and Bold



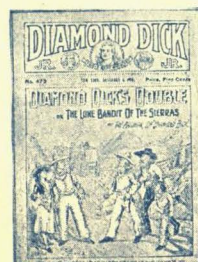
Every boy who prefers variety in his reading matter, ought to be a reader of Brave and Bold. All these were written by authors who are past masters in the art of telling boys' stories. Every tale is complete in itself.

### Rough Rider Weekly



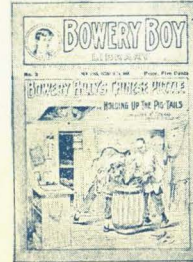
Ted Strong was appointed deputy marshal by accident, but he resolves to use his authority and rid his ranch of some very tough bullies. He does it in such a slick way that everyone calls him "King of the Wild West" and he certainly deserves his title.

### Diamond Dick Weekly



The demand for stirring stories of Western adventure is admirably filled by this library. Every up-to-date boy ought to read just how law and order are established and maintained on our Western plains by Diamond Dick, Bertie, and Handsome Harry.

### Bowery Boy Library



The adventures of a poor waif whose only name is "Bowery Billy." Billy is the true product of the streets of New York. No boy can read the tales of his trials without imbibing some of that resource and courage that makes the character of this homeless boy stand out so prominently.